

SOUTHERN AUTHORS
IN
POETRY AND PROSE

KATE ALMA ORGAIN

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



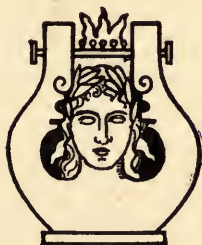
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AND PROSE



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BY
KATE ALMA ORGAIN



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**SOUTHERN AUTHORS IN POETRY
AND PROSE**

SIDNEY LANIER

1842—1881

THIS poet was born in Macon, Georgia, on the third of February, 1842, and came from a long line of fine ancestors. His father, Robert S. Lanier, was a prominent lawyer, and his mother was Miss Mary Anderson, a woman of remarkable gift in music and poetry. A friend once remarked, "No wonder Lanier is a poet and a genius. The blood that flows through his veins has coursed in those of artists, poets, musicians, and royal personages."

Very early in life Sidney Lanier showed a passion for reading, a talent and fondness for music, and when a mere lad he delighted in forming amateur orchestras of children. Having a keen sense of humor, he often kept the family amused by his mimicry, and later he utilized this faculty of observation in his poems.

At fifteen he was admitted into Oglethorpe College, near Milledgeville, Georgia, and was graduated at the age of eighteen, and then was given a position as tutor in that institution. At the breaking out of the Civil War, Sidney and his brother, Clifford, joined the volunteers at Macon, Georgia,

and, although several times offered promotion, the brothers declined, because they did not wish to be separated. They were in the Second Georgia Battalion of Infantry and were stationed at first amongst the marshes of Sewells Point, opposite Fortress Monroe. There the men all had much sickness and they were ordered to Wilmington, and in Wilmington, as Lanier says, "they had the dry shakes of the Sand Hills." Their battalion participated in the famous Seven Days' Battle around Richmond, and later they were sent up to Petersburg. Here Sidney and Clifford obtained a transfer to Major Milligan's Signal Corps, and finally they were attached to the staff of Major-General French. In 1864 the brothers separated, as Sidney was assigned to duty of signal officer on a blockade runner. He was captured by the Federals, and imprisoned for five months at Point Lookout. During this imprisonment the seeds of disease were sown which caused his death while yet a young man. When he was exchanged he came near dying on the voyage to City Point, and when at last he reached home, footsore and exhausted, he was prostrated by sickness for many weeks.

After the war, although his brain was teeming with beautiful thoughts, Lanier was compelled to bear the monotony and wear of teaching and such uncongenial work as clerk in a hotel in Mont-

gomery. He found some time, however, in the hard struggle for a living, to write his first book, a volume of fiction called "Tiger Lilies," published in 1867. The book is now out of print. It contains many fine passages like the following:

A man has seventy years in which to explain his life; a book must accomplish its birth, and its excuse for birth, at the same instant.

The hills sit here like old dethroned kings, met for consultation; they would be very garrulous, surely, but the exquisite peace of the pastoral scene below them has stilled their life; they have forgotten the ancient anarchy which brought them forth; they dream and dream away, without discussion or endeavor.

How long our arms are when we are young! Nothing but the whole world will satisfy their clasp.

To him who has not loved some man with the ardor of a friendship at first sight, one can only say, "Nature has dealt hardly with you, sir."

Music is in common life what heat is in chemistry, an all-pervading, ever-present, mysterious genius.

Late explorers say they have found some nations that had no God, but I have not read of any that had no music.

One might as well be killed with a shower of hail-stones as of diamonds; it is but death after all.

"Sorrow makes poets," Memnon's statue sang when the morning light struck it, but I think men and women sing when the darkness draws on.

The great uncomplaining trees, whose life is surely the finest of all lives, since it is nothing but the continual

growing and being beautiful; the silent, mysterious trees, most strong where most gnarled, and most touching when wholly blasted.

In 1867 Sidney Lanier was married to Miss Mary Day of Macon, Georgia. Through poverty and sickness, in all changes and conditions she was to him a loving, faithful wife, an inspiration and a blessed comforter. Of her he wrote in his exquisite poem, "My Springs":

O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,
My springs, from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete—
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,
I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine!

Lanier's earliest passion was for music. He learned almost by intuition to play on every kind of instrument,—flute, banjo, organ, piano, violin and guitar, devoting himself more especially to the flute because his father was opposed to the violin. He said of himself that his greatest talent lay in music. His flute was his constant companion, and when he was captured during the war he managed to hide his flute in his sleeve. When

he went to Baltimore to live and work, William Hayes Ward says, "He took his pen and flute, for staff and sword, and turned his face northward." In the winter of 1868 Sidney Lanier was seized with his first hemorrhage, and for four following years there was a steady decline in his health. Hoping for some relief, in 1872 he left Georgia and went to San Antonio, Texas, but even that salubrious climate brought him no healing balm, and "he was restless as a caged bird, for he hungered and thirsted for time and health and strength to express his soul in music and poetry." In 1873 he gave up law, which he had studied and undertaken in his father's office, and went to Baltimore, where he was soon engaged as first flute for the Peabody Concerts. "Music was to him what it is to the birds, what it is to the brooks. He played it technically as it was written, but he added sunshine and spring air, or the laughter and tears of joy and sorrow." Asgar Hamerick, the musical director in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra of Baltimore, says of Lanier: "I will never forget the impression he made upon me when he played the flute at a concert in 1878; his tall, commanding, manly presence, his flute breathing noble sorrows, noble joys, the orchestra softly responding. The audience was spellbound. Such distinction, such refinement! He stood, the master, the genius." In 1879 he was appointed to a

lectureship in English Literature in the Johns Hopkins University, and this meant a regular income. What he might have accomplished with health and strength back of his great genius who can tell? As it was, often in intense pain and suffering, he delivered his lectures on "Verse" and "The Novel." "He was engaged in a three-fold struggle for health, for bread and for a literary career." Although he spent most of the last years of his life in Baltimore, yet he was compelled to go away often in search of health. During severe illness and in critical relapses, financial relief came from his father and brother. How dark some of Lanier's days seemed may be judged by his despairing lines in the poem "The Raven Days."

O Raven days, dark Raven days of sorrow,
Bring to us in your whetted ivory beaks
Some sign out of the far land of To-morrow,
Some strip of sea-green dawn, some orange streaks.

Ye float in dusky files, forever croaking,
Ye chill our manhood with your dreary shade.
Dumb in the dark, not even God invoking,
We lie in chains, too weak to be afraid.

O Raven days, dark Raven days of sorrow,
Will ever any warm light come again?
Will ever the lit mountains of To-morrow
Begin to gleam athwart the mournful plain?

The works of Lanier abound in expressions of deep and abiding faith in God. The poem, "The Crystal," is a beautiful tribute to the perfect character of Christ. The tenderest thing he ever wrote about our Lord was his "A Ballad of Trees and the Master," beginning:

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent;
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

At the instigation of Bayard Taylor, Sidney Lanier was complimented with the commission to write the cantata for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition in 1876.

Gradually overpowered by consuming fever, he went, accompanied by his ever-devoted wife, to West Chester, Pa., where his fourth child was born. Unable to stand the climate, he soon returned to his home in Baltimore. At the end of April, 1881, he made his last visit to New York to arrange about the publication of his "King Arthur" series. In December of 1880, "when he was too feeble to raise his food to his mouth, and with fever at 104 degrees," writes William Hayes

Ward, "he pencilled his last and greatest poem, 'Sunrise,' one of his projected series of the 'Hymns of the Marshes.' It seemed as if he were in fear that he would die with it unuttered." The doctors advised tent life, and with aid from his brother Clifford, he and his family were arranged in tents near Richmond Hill, three miles from Asheville, N. C. But the passing time brought no relief, and he began a journey in a carriage across the mountains to Lynn, S. C. There deadly sickness attacked him, and he died September 7, 1881.

His wife and four children, Charles, Sidney, Henry and Robert, were left to mourn his death.

He gave the memory of a spotless life of purity as inheritance to his children, as well as his wealth of poetry and prose. "Even to the end, words of beauty and love and passion and melodious meter poured from his brain, wanting only strength to give them out to the needy world."

His body was taken to Baltimore. Services were held in the church of St. Michael's, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Wm. Kirlus. The poet's body was buried in Green Mount Cemetery in a lot owned by Mr. Lawrence Turnbull.

The Rev. W. F. Tillett, of Vanderbilt University, says: "Lanier was, like Wordsworth, a great lover of Nature. Consider, for instance, that poem which many critics have pronounced the finest he

ever wrote, from an artistic point of view, 'The Marshes of Glynn.' " And again, "Lanier's writings everywhere breathe the spirit of ethical earnestness, and abound in allusions that reveal his deep and abounding faith in God."

Thomas Nelson Page says: "Lanier died too young, but not until he had proved that a great poet could come from the South."

A bust of Sidney Lanier was presented to the Johns Hopkins University by his kinsman, Charles Lanier, of New York City. Sidney Lanier's principal works are: "Florida, Its Scenery, Climate and History"; "Tiger Lilies," a novel; "Poems," "The Boy's Froissart," "The Science of English Verse," "The Boy's King Arthur," "The Boy's Mabinogion," "The Boy's Percy," "The English Novel and the Principles of Its Development."

Among his musical works are "Choral Symphony," for chorus and orchestra; "Symphony Life," in four movements, and "Symphony of the Plantation."

From his last poem, "Sunrise," we quote these lines:

Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,
Oh, rain me down from your darks that contain me
Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me,—
Sift down tremors of sweet-within-sweet

That advise me of more than they bring,—repeat
Me the woods-smell that swiftly but now brought breath
From the heaven-side bank of the river of death,—
Teach me the terms of silence,—preach me
The passion of patience,—sift me,—impeach me,—
And there, oh there
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the air,
Pray me a myriad prayer.

THE MARSHES OF GYLYNN *

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,—
Emerald twilights,—
Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colon-
nades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,—
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of
leaves,—

* From poems of Sidney Lanier, copyrighted 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that
 grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the
 wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good ;—
Oh, braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the
 vine,
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did
 shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine ;
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of
 the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome
 sound of the stroke
 Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I
 know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass
 within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
 marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me
 of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bit-
 terness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable
 pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain,—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
The vast sweet visage of space.
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the
dawn,
For a mete and a mark
To the forest-dark:—
So:
Affable live-oak, leaning low,—
Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
On the firm-packed sand,
Free
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to
the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the
beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the
firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping
of light.
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods
stands high?
The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and the sea
and the sky!

A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad
in the blade,
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or
a shade,
Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withhold-
ing and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to
the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the
sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath
mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and
the skies;
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God;

Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.
And the sea lends large, as the marsh; lo, out of his plenty
the sea

Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be;
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,

Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the
low-lying lanes,

And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow

In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun!

The creeks overflow; a thousand rivulets run

'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass
stir;

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;

Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;

And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!

The tide is in his ecstasy.

The tide is at his highest height:

And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of
sleep

Roll in on the souls of men,

But who will reveal to our waking ken

The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
 Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when
 the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes
 of Glynn.

AUGUSTA J. EVANS

1838—

AUGUSTA J. EVANS, now Mrs. L. M. Wilson, of Mobile, was born at Columbus, Georgia, in 1838. She had eight brothers and sisters, and she is, on her mother's side, a descendant of the Howards, one of the first families of Georgia.

When she was a mere child her father removed with his family to Texas. They lived a while in Galveston and Houston, and early in 1847 went to the then frontier town of San Antonio.

Mrs. Wilson always retained vivid remembrance of the life there, when the Mexican War was at its height and San Antonio was the gathering place for United States troops sent to reinforce General Taylor, and when society there, owing to the unsettled conditions, was thoroughly disorganized. Her life necessarily was one of much seclusion. There were no schools, and her mother conducted her education at home. It was during this life of isolation, when hours of thought and reading were developing her mind rapidly, that the idea of writing began to have attractions for the young girl.

Early in her seventeenth year she wrote "Inez," in which she wished to embody the features of the Texan war for independence and what she believed to be a misuse of the Catholic religion. On this account the book received much unfavorable criticism, and her judgments were deemed immature. Still, "Inez" received many favorable notices, considering the youth of the writer.

No one but her mother had known of her ambitious undertaking, until one Christmas morning Miss Evans placed her finished manuscript in her father's hands. It was published in 1855, anonymously.

Continuing a severe course of study Miss Evans confined her writing to articles for Mobile papers, and it was not till 1859 that "Beulah" appeared, being published by Messrs. Derby and Jackson. The book became very popular. The thread running through the story is the baneful influence of skepticism, and the author is very realistic in the road over which she makes the heroine travel. "She takes 'Beulah' by the hand and goes over the ground of unbelief with merciless fidelity; not a doubt is left unassailed; every dragon of speculation is unearthed, and over and again is fought the strong battle." Beulah Benton and Guy Hartwell make a grim pair of lovers with discussions of "ontology," "psychology," and "eclecticisms"; but they are strong, fine characters. Miss Evans

has no touch of anything impure or sensual in any of her writings.

At the age of twenty-three, when "Beulah" was written, the author had studied deeply into metaphysics, her life and the habits of a recluse having given her the opportunity. Of her mother Miss Evans said: "She has been my Alma Mater, to whom I owe everything, and whom I reverence more than all else on earth." In her home at Mobile Mrs. Wilson fills her days with steady application and those unobtrusive, kindly acts which prove her to be a beautiful and noble woman.

Her other novels are: "St. Elmo," "Vashti," "Infelice," "At the Mercy of Tiberius," "Micaria" and "The Speckled Bird."

After a silence of many years Miss Evans produced her late work, "The Speckled Bird," which was looked for with great eagerness. It has been much criticised, both favorably and adversely.

"Whatever may be said of Miss Evans, she is a writer of great strength, and while her style is somewhat florid, she never sacrifices her meaning by ambiguous words. She paints all her pictures in brilliant colorings, but they are the kind that only a true artist dare essay. She is skilled with her palette of words, like the great artist that she is, and if she paints a sunset, there is no doubt that it is a realistic one in each instance. That she uses the adjective, there is no doubt, but that she

is injudicious, no one can say who will analyze her motive. In other words, she is a most potent user of our very elastic language, and gets the best possible meaning out of it. Not a juggler of words in any sense, she commands her tongue to its fullest scope, and dares put colorings that weaker thinkers would refrain from readily. It is this very boldness of touch, stroke and tint that gives glow and beauty to her thought and mode of expression."

ST. ELMO

"He stood and measured the earth: and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow."

These words of the prophet of Shigionoth were sung by a sweet, happy, childish voice, and to a wild, anomalous tune, solemn as the Hebrew chant of Deborah, and fully as triumphant.

A slender girl of twelve years' growth steadied a pail of water on her head, with both dimpled arms thrown up, in ancient classic Caryatides attitude, and, pausing a moment beside the spring, stood fronting the great golden dawn;—watching for the first level ray of the coming sun, and chanting the prayer of Habakkuk. Behind her in silent grandeur towered the huge outline of Lookout Mountain, shrouded at summit in gray mist, while centre and base showed dense masses of foliage dim and purplish in the distance, a stern, cowled monk of the Cumberland brotherhood. Low hills clustered on either side, but immediately in front stretched a wooded plain, and across this the child looked at the flushed sky, rapidly brightening

into fiery and blinding radiance, until her wild song waked echoes among the far-off rocks. The holy hush of early morning had rested like a benediction upon the scene, as though nature had laid her broad finger over her great lips, and waited in reverent silence the advent of the sun. Morning among the mountains possessed witcheries and glories which filled the heart of the girl with adoration and called from her lips rude but exultant anthems of praise. The young face, lifted toward the cloudless east, might have served as a model for a pictured Syriac priestess, one of Baalbec's vestals ministering in the olden time in that wondrous and grand temple at Heliopolis.

The large black eyes held a singular fascination in their mild sparkling depths, now full of tender loving light and childish gladness, and the flexible red lips curved in lines of orthodox Greek perfection, showing remarkable versatility of expression; while the broad, full, polished forehead, with its prominent, swelling brows, could not fail to recall even to casual observers the calm, powerful face of Lorenzo de Medici, which if once looked on, fastens itself upon heart and brain, to be forgotten no more. Her hair, black, straight, waveless as an Indian's, hung around her shoulders, and glistened, as the water from the dripping bucket, through the wreath of purple morning glories and scarlet cypress, which she had twined about her head ere lifting the cedar pail to its resting place. She wore a short-sleeved dress of yellow-striped home-spun, which fell nearly to her ankles, and her little bare feet gleamed pearly white on the green grass and rank dewy creepers that clustered along the margin of the bubbling spring. Her complexion was unusually transparent, and

early exercise and mountain air had rouged her cheeks till they matched the brilliant hue of her scarlet crown.

A few steps in advance of her stood a large, fierce yellow dog, with black scowling face, and ears cut close to his head, a savage, repulsive creature, who looked as if he rejoiced in an opportunity of making good his name, "Grip." In the solemn beauty of that summer morning, the girl seemed to have forgotten the mission upon which she came, but, as she loitered, the sun flashed up, kindling diamond fringes on every dew-beaded chestnut leaf and oak bough, and silvering the misty mantle which enveloped Lookout. A moment longer that pure-hearted Tennessee child stood watching the gorgeous spectacle, drinking draughts of joy, which mingled no drop of sin or selfishness in its crystal waves, for she had grown up alone with nature,—utterly ignorant of the roar and strife, the burning hate, and cunning intrigue of the great world of men and women, where "like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggles to get its head above the other." To her, earth seemed very lovely, life stretched before her like the sun's path in that clear sky, and, free from care and foreboding as the fair June day, she walked on preceded by her dog—and the chant burst once more from her lips. "She stood and measured the earth; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills——" The sudden, almost simultaneous report of two pistol shots rang out sharply on the cool calm air, and startled the child so violently that she sprang forward and dropped the bucket. The sound of voices reached her from the thick wood bordering the path, and, without reflection, she followed the dog, who bounded off toward the point whence it issued. Upon the verge of the forest

she paused, and looking down a dewy glade where the rising sun darted its earliest arrowy rays, beheld a spectacle which burned itself upon her memory. A group of five gentlemen stood beneath the dripping chestnut and sweet gum arches; one leaned against the trunk of a tree, two were conversing in undertones, and two faced each other fifteen paces apart, with pistols in their hands. Ere she could comprehend the scene the brief conference ended, the seconds resumed their places to witness another fire, and like the peal of a trumpet echoed the words: "Fire! One—two—three!"

The flash and ringing report mingled with the command, and one of the principals threw up his arm and fell. When with horror in her wide-strained eyes and pallor on her lips, the child staggered to the spot, and looked on the prostrate form, he was dead. The hazel eyes stared blankly at the sky, and the hue of life and exuberant health still glowed on the full cheek, but the ball had entered the heart, and the warm blood, bubbling from his breast, dripped on the glistening grass. The surgeon who knelt beside him took the pistol from his clenched fingers, and gently pressed the lids over his glazing eyes. Not a word was uttered, but while the seconds sadly regarded the stiffening form, the surviving principal coolly drew a cigar, lighted it, and placed it between his lips. The child's eyes had wandered to the latter from the pool of blood, and now in a shuddering cry she broke the silence.

"Murderer!"

The party looked around instantly and for the first time perceived her standing there in their midst, with loathing and horror in the gaze she fixed on the perpe-

trator of the awful deed. In great surprise he drew back a step or two and asked gruffly:

"Who are you? What business have you here?"

"Oh! how dared you murder him? Do you think God will forgive you on the gallows?"

He was a man probably twenty-seven years of age, singularly fair, handsome, and hardened in iniquity, but he cowered before the blanched and accusing face of the child, and ere a reply could be framed, his friend came close to him.

"Clinton, you had better be off. You have barely time to catch the Knoxville train, which leaves Chattanooga in half an hour. I would advise you to make a long stay down in New York, for there will be trouble when Dent's brother hears of this morning's work."

"Aye! Take my word for that, and put the Atlantic between you and Dick Dent," added the surgeon, smiling grimly, as if the anticipation of retributive justice afforded him pleasure.

"I will simply put this between us," replied the homicide, fitting his pistol to the palm of his hand, and as he did so a heavy antique diamond ring flashed on his little finger.

Without even glancing toward the body of his antagonist, Clinton scowled at the child, and, turning away, was soon out of sight.

"Oh, sir!" will you let him get away? Will you let him go unpunished?"

"He cannot be punished," answered the surgeon, looking at her with mingled curiosity and admiration.

"I thought men were hung for murder."

"Yes—but this is not murder."

"Not murder? He shot him dead! What is it?"

"He killed him in a duel, which is considered quite right and altogether proper."

"A duel?" She had never heard the word before.
"To take a man's life is murder."

THEODORE O'HARA

1820—1867

THIS soldier-poet was born in Danville, Kentucky, January 11, 1820. His father, Keen O'Hara, an Irish gentleman and scholar, came to America during the revolutionary troubles in Ireland. "Though belonging to the Irish gentry, he had been an ardent rebel in the famous uprising in 1798, which cost young Emmet his life. Eluding the vigilance of the British officers, Keen O'Hara was fortunate enough to escape to America." He settled in Danville, Kentucky, where he taught in the academy at that place, and later he established a school in Jefferson County, where among his pupils were Zachary Taylor, afterwards President of the United States, and Colonel George Grogham, known in history as the "hero of Sandusky."

Inheriting his father's patriotic temperament, Theodore O'Hara early gave evidence of an unusually fine mentality, and all the enthusiasm and ardor of an Irish temperament.

He was given the benefit of a thorough college education in the Catholic schools of Kentucky,

and soon became an accomplished scholar, especially in ancient and modern languages. He was admitted to the bar in 1842, but the practice of law offered few attractions to his poetic mind, and he went into journalistic work as editor of "The Frankfort Yeoman," and later of "The Louisville Times."

From a letter of J. Stoddard Johnson, a life-long friend, we have the following facts of his brilliant career: "On the breaking out of the Mexican War Theodore O'Hara was appointed captain and assistant quartermaster of the volunteers. He was brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Cherubusco, and honorably discharged October 15, 1848."

O'Hara now resumed the editorship of "The Frankfort Yeoman." In 1850 he took part with Lopez in the first Cuban Expedition with the rank of colonel. At Cardenas, while making a successful charge on the Governor's palace, he was severely wounded, and was brought back to the United States. Fortunately he was not sufficiently recovered to return in the Second Expedition, and thus escaped the fate of Lopez, Crittenden, and others, who were captured and shot.

Subsequently O'Hara entered the regular army and was made captain in the famous "Second Cavalry," with whose fortunes have been associated such men as Robert E. Lee, George H.

Thomas, Albert Sidney Johnston, Kirby Smith, and John B. Hood, each destined to achieve distinction in the bloody conflict of the sixties.

At the breaking out of the Civil War O'Hara was living in Mobile, where he had been connected editorially with "The Mobile Register," but he immediately enlisted in the Confederate Army, entering the Twelfth Alabama Infantry as lieutenant-colonel. A short time before the battle of Shiloh he was invited by General Albert Sidney Johnston to become a member of his personal staff, and resigning his regimental position, O'Hara accepted. At the battle of Shiloh he was near the side of Johnston when the latter was mortally wounded, and accompanied the General's remains to New Orleans. Colonel O'Hara then became a member of the staff of General John C. Breckinridge, as inspector-general, and at the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, and for some time afterwards was acting chief-of-staff. In the early summer of 1863 he retired from active military service and made his home in Columbus, Georgia, where, at the close of the war, he engaged in the cotton business. In the spring of 1867 he was living on the plantation of a friend, Captain Grant, near Guerryton, Bullock County, Alabama, where he died June 6, 1867. In 1873, by resolution of the Legislature of Kentucky, Colonel O'Hara's remains were brought

home to his native State and interred, after an address delivered by General Wm. Preston, in the presence of a large assembly of citizens. His body rests in the State military department of the cemetery,

“ And kindred eyes and hearts watch by the hero's
sepulcher.”

Colonel O'Hara was never married. He was a man of strikingly handsome person, and with a fine intellectual countenance. To superior classical attainments he added the qualities of a brilliant orator and poet. No collection of either his poems or orations having been made, his fame as an orator lives only in tradition, while as a poet, his merit now is attested by his widely quoted poem “The Bivouac of the Dead.” In regard to the time of the production of this noble poem there exists much error. It is generally said to have been written on the occasion of the imposing public funeral given by the Commonwealth of Kentucky to her soldiers who had fallen in Mexico. This event occurred July 20, 1847, at which time Colonel O'Hara was in Mexico. The weight of authority tends to show that the poem was not written till 1850. It has been quoted everywhere over our land, and lines from it are to be found in a large number of the principal Federal cemeteries.

Another touching poem of this poet-soldier is "The Old Pioneer." A handsome marble monument in the cemetery at Frankfort is simply inscribed with his name and date of his death. Mr. George W. Ranch, in his little volume entitled "The Bivouac of the Dead and Its Author," says that he hopes some day this inscription may be changed to read "Theodore O'Hara, Author of 'The Bivouac of the Dead,'" for he has given to the world one of its most precious gems of martial poetry.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn, nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their pluméd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor War's wild note, nor Glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Full many a Norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldering slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.

Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

—*Courtesy of J. Stoddard Johnson.*

MRS. ROSA VERTNER JOHNSON (GRIF-
FITH)

1828—1894

MRS. JOHNSON was born in Natchez, Mississippi, in 1828, her maiden name being Griffith. When she was nine years old her mother died, but she found in her maternal aunt, Mrs. Vertner, a second mother, from whom she received faithful love and fostering care. By adoption the name of Vertner became hers, and later in life she said, "I have never known the misery of being motherless, as she [Mrs. Vertner] fulfilled most tenderly and unceasingly a fond mother's duty toward me."

Mary Forrest says the early childhood of Rosa Vertner was passed at Burlington, a beautiful country-seat near Port Gibson, Mississippi. Her fondness for this place amounted almost to a passion. "Here," said Rosa, "I learned to think and feel," and here her poetical talent began to express itself. She prattled in rhyme long before she could write. The charms of "Burlington" and its refined influences, and the constant sympathy and instruction of her poet-father rapidly

developed the mind and heart of this beautiful girl.

For the sake of her education the family moved when she was ten years of age to Kentucky, and Rosa was placed in the noted seminary of Bishop Smith, a school located in Lexington. At the age of seventeen Miss Vertner married Claud M. Johnson, a manly gentleman of considerable fortune. Her life was then spent in a delightful manner: in summer with her adopted mother in Lexington, and in winter at her husband's plantation in Louisiana. She became the mother of six children, two of whom died young.

The poem "Angel Watchers" beautifully expresses the mother pain of these separations. Mrs. Johnson first became a contributor to "The Louisville Journal" under the name of "Rosa," and the greater number of her poems were published here, though she contributed also to the "Home Journal" and many other magazines. The first volume of her poems was published in 1857 in Boston. Of this collection the editor of "The Louisville Journal" said: "In the blooming field of modern poetry we really know not where to look for productions at once so full of merit and so free from defect."

Mary Forrest says: "Subordinate to the literary quality of her productions, but more striking to the superficial eye, is the marvelous wealth and

delicacy of her fancy. The fertility of her conception seems positively inexhaustible."

In "The First Eclipse" and "The Frozen Ship" she essayed the higher types of thought and imagination, and here she met with great success. In "Women of the South" we find these words concerning Mrs. Johnson, who, after the death of her first husband, became Mrs. Jeffreys: "In many of the works of this writer we see glimpses of a substratum of passionate power, which has never been stirred. A deep fountain was troubled at the death of her children, but troubled by an angel, and her songs grew only more low and tender. 'Hasheesh Visions' does not lack impassioned element, but it has the crazy play and prodigality of words evolved from the heights of the brain and not from the depths of feeling."

Her best production in fiction is "Woodburn," which appeared in 1864. There is not the least effort in this book after what is called fine writing. The whole tale of love and hate, of joy and woe, is told with the simplicity and childlike earnestness which seem to characterize the nature of little "Amy Percy" herself, the youthful story-teller. It is a description of social Southern life before the war, and abounds in truthful pictures of the happy, easy, care-free days of that favored and prosperous time. The frank cordiality, the warm-

hearted hospitality, the gay rides and merry meetings of friends and neighbors, are all true delineations of that happiest time among the dwellers in the "Land of the Mocking-bird and Magnolia." Under the name of Mrs. Rosa Vertner Jeffreys this writer was best known in the later years of her life. She spent some time with her adopted mother in New York City and died in 1894, beloved and admired by all who knew her.

"The Night Has Come" has been called one of her poetical productions.

THE NIGHT HAS COME

The night has come when I may sleep,
To dream, perchance of thee—
And where art thou? Where south winds sweep
Along a southern sea.
Thy home a glorious tropic isle
On which the sun with pride
Doth smile as might a sultan smile
On his Circassian bride.

And where the south wind gently stirs
A chime of fragrant bells,
While come the waves as worshipers,
With rosary of shells
The altars on the shore to wreathe,
Where, in the twilight dim,
Like nuns, the foam-veiled breakers breathe
Their wild and gushing hymn.

ROSA VERTNER JOHNSON

The night has come, and I will glide
O'er sleep's hushed waves the while,
In dreams to wander by thy side
Through that enchanting isle.
For, in the dark, my fancy seems
As full of witching spells
As yon blue sky of starry beams
Or ocean-depths of shells.

Yet sometimes visions do becloud
My soul with such strange fears,
They wrap me like an icy shroud
And leave my soul in tears.
For once me thought thy hand did bind
Upon my brow a wreath
In which a viper was entwined
That stung me—unto death.

And once within a lotus cup,
Which thou to me didst bring,
A deadly vampire folded up
Its cold and murky wing;
And springing from that dewy nest,
It drained life's azure rills,
That wandered o'er my swelling breast,
Like brooks through snow-clad hills.

Yet seemed it sweeter thus to die
There, in thy very sight,
Than see thee 'neath that tropic sky,
As in my dreams last night.

For lo, within a palmy grove,
Unto an Eastern maid
I heard thee whispering vows of love
Beneath the feathery shade. .

And stately as the palm was she,
Yet thrilled with thy wild words,
As its green crown might shaken be
By many bright-winged birds;
And 'neath thy smile, in her dark eye,
A rapturous light did spring,
As in a lake soft shadows lie,
Dropped from the rainbow's wing.

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Some of her other works are "Poems by Rosa,"
and "The Crimson Hand and Marsh," a novel.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY

1795—1870

THE father of this noted writer was from the north of Ireland. He settled in Baltimore and became a successful merchant. He married Miss Nancy Pendleton of Martinsburg, Virginia, in 1794, and the next year their son was born, John Pendleton Kennedy. Even in boyhood he began to show a strong tendency for literature, and at school, though he studied all the various branches taught, yet a miscellaneous kind of writing was continually pursued by this ambitious boy.

In 1809 his father bought a cottage home in the country called "Shrub-Hill," from which home John Pendleton Kennedy rode daily to Baltimore College. Later he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1816. However, the practice of law was distasteful to him, although he had a great admiration for lawyers. Baltimore was a city of much culture, and the association with such men as Pinckney, Hoffman, Poe, Pierpont and Sparks kept alive his passion for literary work. He was a friend also of Washington Irving, and together, on horseback, they traveled over western New York. He was elected to the Maryland Legisla-

ture in 1820, and later, in 1838, to Congress. During Mr. Fillmore's administration he was Secretary of the Navy, doing valuable service for the government.

Mr. Kennedy married a daughter of Judge Tenant, of Baltimore, but she died soon after, and his second wife was a Miss Elizabeth Gray, with whom he lived for forty-one very happy years. His frequent visits to Virginia with his mother, which were continued sometimes with his wife, and often alone on horseback, gave him an intimate knowledge of the habits, life, hospitality, manners, plantations and romances of Virginia, the State endeared to him by many ties.

When his story, "Swallow Barn," appeared, there had been few really faithful pictures of Southern life, and the book met with cordial reception both in the North and the South. Professor Link says: "No historian can afford to neglect the pages of 'Swallow Barn.'" The demand for this book has been so continued that G. P. Putnam & Sons brought out a new edition in 1895.

Kennedy traveled in Europe and there became acquainted with William Makepeace Thackeray, for whom it is said he wrote a chapter in "Vanity Fair," the fourth chapter of the second volume.

When in America he traveled much on horseback, which gave him opportunity to meet many of the characters he afterward put in his

novels. He was the true and tried friend of Edgar Allan Poe, ever ready to help him and ever believing in his genius. Kennedy's style of writing follows closely that of his friend Irving.

His principal works are: "Swallow Barn," "Horse-Shoe Robinson," "Rob of the Bowl," "Red Book," an anonymous collection of prose and verse; "Annals of Quodlibet," "Memoirs of William Wirt," addresses, and other prose writings.

In "Swallow Barn" we find exquisite descriptions of country life in Virginia "as it existed," Kennedy writes, "in the first quarter of the present century, the mellow, bland, and sunny luxuriance of the old-time society—its good fellowship, its hearty and constitutional companionableness, the thriftless gayety of the people and that overflowing hospitality which knew no ebb."

Speaking of the country homes in Virginia he says: "You never know your friend so well or enjoy him so heartily in the city as you may in one of those large, bountiful mansions, whose horizon is filled with green fields and woodland slopes and broad blue heavens."

Frank Merriweth he describes: "A landed proprietor, with a good house and a host of servants, is naturally a hospitable man. A guest is one of his daily wants."

The description of the dinner-table portrays to

perfection the abundant supply that graced the hospitable board.

The table was furnished with a profusion of the delicacies afforded by the country; and, notwithstanding it was much more ample than the accommodation of the guests required, it seemed to be stored rather with a reference to its own dimensions than to the number or wants of those who were collected around it. At the head, immediately under the eye of our hostess, in the customary pride of place, was deposited a goodly ham of bacon, rich in its own perfections, as well as in the endemic honors that belong to it in the Old Dominion. According to a usage worthy of imitation, it was clothed in its own dark skin, which the imaginative mistress of the kitchen had embellished by carving into some fanciful figures. The opposite end of the table smoked with a huge roasted saddle of mutton, which seemed, from its trim and spruce air, ready to gallop off the dish. Between these two extremes was scattered an enticing diversity of poultry, prepared with many savory adjuncts, and especially that tropical luxury, which yet so slowly finds its way northward,—fried chicken,—sworn brother to the ham, and old Virginia's standard dish. The intervening spaces displayed a profusion of the products of the garden; nor were oysters and crabs wanting where room allowed; and, where nothing else could be deposited, as if scrupulous of showing a bare spot of the table-cloth, the bountiful forethought of Mistress Winkle had provided a choice selection of pickles of every color and kind. From the whole array of the board it was obvious that abundance and variety were deemed no

less essential to the entertainment than the excellence of the viands."

The story of old Lucy and her son Abe in "Swallow Barn" is one of exquisite pathos.

Abe was the youngest son of old Lucy. He had nothing of the flat nose and broad hip of his tribe—but his face was moulded with the prevailing characteristics of the negroes of the West Indies. He had been trained to the work of a blacksmith. But a habit of associating with the most profligate menials belonging to the extensive community of Swallow Barn and the neighboring estates corrupted his character. Merriweth, the master, was strongly imbued with repugnance against disposing of any of his negroes, but finally Abe's transgressions became so numerous that to save him from a worse fate the master determined to ship him for a while on one of the sailing vessels that frequented the harbor. There never was a more exemplary domestic than the mother. Abe had always lived in her cabin. Although she was continually tormented with his misdeeds and did not fail to reprove him with habitual harshness, still her heart yearned secretly toward him.

It was very hard to convince the mind of a mother of the justice of the sentence that deprives her of her child. Lucy heard all of the arguments to justify the necessity of sending Abe abroad, assented to it all, bowed her head, as if entirely convinced—and thought it very hard. She was told that it was the only expedient to save him from prison. She admitted it, but it was a source of unutterable anguish to her, which no kindness on the part of the

family could mitigate, and old Lucy gave way to passionate wailing of despair.

This burst of feeling had its expected effect upon Lucy. She seemed to be suddenly relieved, and was able to address a few short words of parting to Abe; then taking from the plaits of her bosom a small leather purse containing a scant stock of silver,—the hoard of past years,—she put it into the unresisting hand of Abe. The boy looked at the faded bag for a moment, and gathering up something like a smile upon his face, he forced the money back upon his mother, himself replacing it in the bosom of her dress. “You don’t think I am going to take your money with me!” said he. “I never cared about the best silver my master ever had: no, nor for freedom neither. I thought I was always going to stay here on the plantation. I would rather have the handkerchief you wear around your neck than all the silver you ever owned.”

Lucy took the handkerchief from her shoulders, and put it in his hand. Abe drew it into a loose knot about his throat, then turned briskly round, shook hands with the by-standers, and, shouldering his chest, moved with the boatman at a rapid pace toward the beach.

In a few moments afterwards he was seen standing up in the boat, as it shot out from beneath the bank, and waving his hand to the dusky group he had just left.

Then Kennedy gives the account of the shipwreck when all perished save one sailor, who told the story of Abe’s daring and heroism in trying to save the crew and vessel.

I might stop to compare this act of an humble and unknown negro, upon the Chesapeake, with the many similar passages in the lives of heroes whose names have been preserved fresh in the verdure of history, and who have won their immortality upon less noble feats than this; but History is a step-mother, and gives the bauble fame to her own children, with such favoritism as she lists, overlooking many a goodly portion of the family of her husband Time. Still, it was a gallant thing, and worthy of a better chronicler than I, to see this leader and his little band—the children of a despised stock—swayed by a noble emulation to relieve the distressed; and, what the fashion of the world will deem a higher glory, impelled by that love of daring which the romancers call chivalry—throwing themselves upon the unruly waves of winter, and flying, on the wing of the storm, into the profound, dark abyss of ocean, when all his terrors were gathering in their most hideous forms; when the spirit of ill shrieked in the blast, and thick night, dreary with unusual horrors, was falling close around them; when old mariners grew pale with the thought of the danger, and the wisest counselled the adventurers against the certain doom that hung upon their path:—I say, it was a gallant sight to see such heroism shining out in an humble slave of the Old Dominion!

Under the terrible grief for loss of her son, the mind of old Lucy gives way, and she continues to look for Abe, saying always to her master, “I cannot give him up, Massa Frank,” and she looked continually for him to return.

One dark and blustering night of winter, the third

anniversary of that on which Abe had sailed upon his desperate voyage,—for Lucy had noted the date, although others had not—near midnight, the inhabitants of the Quarter were roused from their respective cabins by loud knockings in succession at their doors; and when each was opened, there stood the decrepit figure of old Lucy, who was thus making a circuit to invite her neighbors, as she said, to her house.

“He has come back!” said Lucy to each one, as they loosed their bolts; “he has come back! I always told you he would come back upon this very night! Come and see him! Come and see him! Abe is waiting to see his friends to-night.”

Either awed by the superstitious feeling that a maniac inspires in the breasts of the ignorant, or incited by curiosity, most of the old negroes followed Lucy to her cabin. As they approached it, the windows gleamed with a broad light, and it was with some strange sensations of terror that they assembled at her threshold, where she stood upon the step, with her hand upon the latch. Before she opened the door to admit her wondering guests, she applied her mouth to the key-hole, and said in an audible whisper, “Abe, the people are all ready to see you, honey! Don’t be frightened,—there’s nobody will do you harm!”

Then, turning toward her companions, she said, bowing her head,—

“Come in, good folks! There’s plenty for you all. Come in and see how he is grown!”

She now threw open the door, and, followed by the rest, entered the room. There was a small table set out, covered with a sheet; and upon it three or four candles were placed in bottles for candlesticks. All the chairs she

had were ranged around this table, and a bright fire blazed in the hearth.

"Speak to them, Abe!" said the old woman, with a broad laugh. "This is Uncle Jeff, and here is Dinah, and here is Ben,"—and in this manner she ran over the names of all present; then continued:

"Sit down, you negroes! Have you no manners? Sit down and eat as much as you choose; there is plenty in the house. Mammy Lucy knew Abe was coming; and see what a fine feast she has made for him!"

She now seated herself, and addressing an empty chair beside her, as if someone occupied it, lavished upon the imaginary Abe a thousand expressions of solicitude and kindness. At length she said:

"The poor boy is tired, for he has not slept these many long nights. You must leave him now—he will go to bed. Get you gone! get you gone! you have all eaten enough!"

Dismayed and wrought upon by the unnatural aspect of the scene, the party of visitors quitted the cabin almost immediately upon the command, and the crazed old menial was left alone to indulge her sad communion with the vision of her fancy.

Permission of G. P. Putnam & Sons.

MADAME OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT

1810—1877

GEORGE WALTON, the grandfather of Madame Le Vert, was a native of Prince Edward County, Virginia, but removed at an early day to Georgia. He was a member of the first Congress convened at Philadelphia, was Governor of Georgia, and Judge of the Supreme Court. He was also one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Not long before the Revolution he married Miss Camber, daughter of an English nobleman, to whom the crown had given large possessions. Two children, a girl and boy, blessed this union. The son, George Walton, traveled much and held many honorable positions in Georgia and also in Florida. Octavia Walton, his daughter, was born at Belle Vue, near Augusta, Georgia, in 1810, but as her parents soon removed to Florida, her earliest memories are of its orange trees, its flowers, and sunshine, of which she speaks in her own beautiful language. "The orange and live oak trees, shading the broad veranda; the fragrant acacia, oleander, and cape jasmine trees which filled the parterre sloping along to the sea beach; the merry

paces with my brother along the white sands, while the creamy waves broke at my feet, and the delicious breeze from the gulf played in my hair; my pet mocking-birds in the giant oak by my window, whose songs called me each morning from dreamland."

Amid the glories of the warm Southland the young girl absorbed the feelings, thoughts and poetical tastes which are ever present in all her writings.

Before she was twelve years of age she could write and converse in three languages with facility. It was a common thing for her father to receive at his office letters in French and Spanish, which she would interpret with surprising ease. While Governor of Florida, her father located the seat of government and at her desire named it "Tallahassee."

A pleasing and never-to-be-forgotten pleasure of her life was her meeting with Lafayette, who had been the friend of her grandmother. He folded the child to his heart, and called her "A truly wonderful child." She had conversed with him, with wonderful correctness, in his own language.

Octavia Walton was never placed at school away from home; both her mother and grandmother instructed her, and they were assisted by private tutors. An old Scotchman, a classic scholar

and linguist, lived for years in their home, and Octavia and her brother studied under him.

After the family moved to Mobile, Octavia, in company with her mother and brother, made an extended tour over the United States, where she was everywhere crowned a reigning belle. She met Washington Irving and began a friendship which lasted during his life. He corresponded with her, watched her literary course, and received her joyfully at "Sunnyside." On the occasion of her last visit, when she was leaving, Irving said, tenderly: "I feel as if the sunshine was all going away with you, my child." Henry Clay, Calhoun, and Webster were all her personal friends.

Growing up under such rare intellectual influences, it is not surprising that Miss Walton developed into a most charming young woman. In 1836 she married Dr. Henry Le Vert of Mobile, a man of great moral worth and a noted physician. His father had come to America with Lafayette as fleet surgeon under Rochambeau, and was present at the taking of Yorktown. Dr. Le Vert, the son of this noble ancestry, was in every way worthy to be the husband of the attractive woman he married, and in every way Madame Le Vert, as she was now called, was the willing co-worker with the good doctor in all of his unknown charities and humane labors.

Great sorrow came to Madame Le Vert in the death of her idolized brother and in that of her two children. For several years prostrated in mind and body, she lived in great seclusion. Then, in 1853, she accepted an invitation to visit the family of the Duke of Rutland, and thus began the journeys through which the world is indebted for her books, "*Souvenirs of Travel*." These books are made up largely of letters to her mother, and besides the instructive and truthful descriptions, have all the freshness, vivacity, imagery and genius of the writer's mind expressed in exquisite English, and likewise a simple-hearted, child-like "*colour de Rose*," which creates a work fascinating to read. "*The Way over the Simplon*," "*The Ascent and Eruption of Vesuvius*," "*Moonlight in Venice*," "*The Golden and the Silver Illuminations*," are some of the many beautiful and graphic descriptions.

Lamertine said to her after listening to her brilliant description of a tour in Spain: "*Madame, you are a natural improvisatrice*."

Her translation, printed in "*The Mobile Register*," of "*The Pope and the Congress*" was pronounced by French scholars to be a most admirable rendering.

Among her literary works Madame Le Vert found time to labor zealously in the cause of preserving Mount Vernon. She was one of the first

to advocate the project and was Vice-Regent of the Association for Alabama.

Her home on Government Street in Mobile was a plain, substantial mansion, combining taste, elegance, and comfort. She had an immense library and rare works of art. She had remarkable conversational powers, and that kindness of heart which made her thoroughly democratic.

Between Madame Le Vert and Fredrika Bremer there existed a pure and continued friendship. A gentleman friend paid her this greatest of all compliments: "I defy anybody to spend an hour in her company without being a wiser and a better man."

Madame Le Vert died in 1877. Her books are practically out of print, but those who possess copies of them feel that they are treasures. From the second volume of "*Souvenirs of Travel*," published by Derby & Jackson, New York, in 1859, we take the following selections:

In describing her visit to St. Peter's, Madame Le Vert says:

Driving rapidly to the hotel, we quickly dined, and returned to St. Peter's just at twilight. In the choral chapel they were singing the Miserere. Seating ourselves by the open door, a perfect flood of melody swept over us, swelling and seeming to linger long beneath the mighty dome and around the lofty arches. When the music ceased, a procession of cardinals, bishops, and priests moved slowly

up the aisle to the grand altar, which they washed with wine, chanting in a solemn manner during the time. The darkness was intense, save where the monks held lamps in their hands. The crosses were all wrapped in black, the pictures veiled. At intervals a wild and plaintive cry would break the monotony of the chant, and increase the strange and awe-inspiring mystery of the scene.

One by one the lamp-holders vanished, and the throng departed, leaving only a few kneeling figures before the great altar, who appeared earnestly and deeply absorbed in their devotions.

It is impossible to describe the holy calm which fell upon my soul as I sat within that dim and silent church. The very air seemed filled with beautiful spirits, who were weaving around me a spell of enchantment, and bearing me far away from the present into a glorious world of the future. I felt as though I had lost my own identity, when hurried voices approached me. "Where have you been? Where have you hidden yourself?" were the eager words addressed to me; and thus returning to the actualities of life we left St. Peter's and drove to the Trinita dei Pellegrini to see the noble Roman ladies wash the feet of the pilgrims and wait upon them at the table. The hospital is divided into two departments. They not only wash their feet, serve them with food at the table, but with their own jeweled hands put the female pilgrims carefully into comfortable beds, where they at least enjoy one night's luxurious repose. Although it strikes one as an ostentation of charity, or, rather, a parade of the virtue for public admiration, still many miserable beings were made happy

by it, and cheered for a few hours of their weary pilgrimage.

FAREWELL TO VENICE

It was past ten o'clock. Still we lingered on the balcony, thinking, in truth, it was wronging such a night to sleep. At length we called Antonio, our family gondolier, and told him to bring out the gondola from its haven, where it lay beneath the shadow of the ducal palace. In a few moments it glided to the steps, the black cabin was removed, so there was no covering between us and the sky. We were soon floating along the broad laguna, leaning back upon the soft cushions and luxuriating in the matchless beauty of the scene. Three wonderful pictures have I seen in Italy, which will hang forever on the "walls of memory." One was the illumination of St. Peter's, another the Niagara-like catâract of fire pouring from the crater of Vesuvius, and the third is moonlight in Venice. There is a glory about the moonlight here never attending it elsewhere; the smooth sheets of water receive its beams as though they were immense mirrors, and thence reflecting them upward, fill the atmosphere with a light of such dazzling brightness we constantly exclaimed, "This cannot be night!" It seemed a mingling of the soft tints of the early morning with the tender radiance of the twilight.

Along the piazza of San Marco were multitudes of lamps, their rays piercing the still waters as though they were arrows of light. Every object was softened and rounded by the moonbeams, and its shadow singularly distinct in the water below. Thus there appeared two cities, one above and another below the Grand Canal, each with

its winged lion. From the open window of a palace came the sound of merry dancing music, while beneath another was a gondola with serenaders. We made the entire voyage through the streets of Venice, passing under the "Bridge of Sighs," which for a moment shut out the moonlight completely, then we glided by the palace of the Foscari, and did not wonder the sad Jacopo was willing to endure even torture that he might look upon it again; we lingered for a while beneath the marble-cased arch of the Rialto, and saw the house of Shylock and the home of Othello—thus, "slowly gliding over," we passed all the landmarks of historic and poetic interest. "Tomorrow we part with Italy," I murmured, as we went for the last time about the radiant and moon-lighted city, and a deep regret welled up from the fountain of my heart. One must be insensible to the glories of the past and to the charms of the present not to love Italy.

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Earth, sky and air possess here a beauty unknown to other climes. Every city has some treasure of painting, sculpture or science. Every river, vale and mountain has its poetic or historic legend.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

1830—1886

THIS "Poet Laureate of the South," as he is called, was born January 1st, 1830, in Charleston, South Carolina. Upon the death of his father, Lieutenant P. H. Hayne, of the United States Navy, Paul, at an early age, was placed under the loving care of his uncle, Robert Young Hayne, who was at one time Governor of South Carolina, and a friend of Daniel Webster.

The Hayne family was one of much culture and refinement, and before the Civil War possessed all the comforts wealth could give, and so Paul enjoyed all the advantages accruing from such conditions. He was educated at the University of South Carolina, from which he was graduated at the age of twenty-two.

From his much-loved mother he inherited rare taste for literary study, and also a poetical turn of mind. These traits were early fostered by reading Shakespeare and other great writers.

In 1853, from among a number of literary gentlemen who often gathered at the dinners given by William Gilmore Simms, young Hayne

was selected as editor of "Russell's Magazine," a literary enterprise fostered for some time by many brilliant writers. Hayne was afterwards connected with the "Charleston Literary Messenger," "The Southern Opinion," and several other journals. But "poetry was his destiny," and before 1860 he had published three volumes of verse. He was married to Miss Mary Middleton Michel of Charleston. It was the blessed fortune of this poet, as it was the fortune of Lanier and of Timrod, to find continual support and encouragement in his wife's appreciation. Margaret J. Preston says: "No poet was more blessed in a wife, who by self-renunciation, exquisite sympathy, positive material help, and bright hopefulness, made endurable the losses and trials that crowded into the life of Paul Hamilton Hayne." In many of his poems is this wife gratefully remembered, especially in "The Bonny Brown Hand."

Oh, drearily, how drearily, the sombre eve comes down!
And wearily, how wearily, the seaward breezes blow!
But place your little hand in mine—so dainty, yet so
brown!

For household toil hath worn away its rosy tinted snow:
But I fold it, wife, the nearer,
And I feel, my love, 'tis dearer
Than all dear things of earth,
As I watch the pensive gloaming,
And my wild thoughts cease from roaming,

And bird-like furl their pinions close beside our peaceful
hearth:

Then rest your little hand in mine, while twilight shimmers
down,—

That little hand, that fervent hand, that hand of bonny
brown—

That hand that holds an honest heart and rules a happy
hearth.

Oh, merrily, how merrily, our children's voices rise!

And cheerily, how cheerily, their tiny footsteps fall!

But, hand, you must not stir awhile, for there our nestling
lies,

Snug in the cradle at your side, the loveliest far of all;

And she looks so arch and airy,

So softly pure a fairy,—

She scarce seems bound to earth;

And her dimple mouth keeps smiling,

As at some child fay's beguiling,

Who flies from Ariel realms to light her slumbers on the
hearth.

Ha, little hand, you yearn to move, and smooth the bright
locks down!

But, little hand,—but, trembling hand,—but, hand of
bonny brown,

Stay, stay with me!—she will not flee, our birdling on the
hearth.

Oh, fittingly, how fittingly, the parlor shadows thrill,

As wittingly, half wittingly, they seem to pulse and pass!

And solemn sounds are on the wind that sweeps the
haunted hill,

And murmurs of a ghostly breath from out the grave-
yard grass.

Let me feel your glowing fingers

In a clasp that warms and lingers

With the full, fond lover of earth,

Till the joy of love's completeness

In this flush of fireside sweetness,

Shall brim our hearts with spirit-wine, outpoured beside
the hearth.

So steal your little hand in mine, while twilight falters
down,—

That little hand, that fervent hand, that hand of bonny
brown,—

The hand which points the path to heaven, yet makes a
heaven of earth.

Life did not always run in pleasant lines for Paul Hamilton Hayne. During the Civil War his beautiful home in Charleston, his library and nearly all the heirlooms of his family were destroyed when that city was bombarded.

Mrs. Preston says: "Even the few valuables, such as old silver, which he rescued from the flames and had placed in a bank in Columbus for safekeeping, were swept away in the famous 'March to the Sea,' and nothing was left the homeless, ruined man, after the war, but exile among the 'Pine Barrens' of Georgia. There he established himself, in utter seclusion, in a veritable cottage, or rather shanty, designated at first

as 'Hayne's Roost,' behind whose screen of vines, among peaches and melons, and strawberries of his own raising, he fought the fight of life with uncomplaining bravery, and persisted in being happy."

Maurice Thompson says: "The poet, Hayne, secured eighteen acres of poor pine land a few miles from Augusta, Georgia. There he built of upright boards, a story and a half cottage, rough, poorly jointed and roofed with clapboards. It was just such a house as one sees occupied by trackmen's families along the railroad. Here, at 'Copse Hill,' as this home was afterwards called, upon a desk fashioned out of a rude bench left by the carpenters, Hayne wrote all his most notable poems. He never gave up his love for poesy and song, and fought poverty alone with his facile pen. . . . Hayne is, perhaps, the only poet in America who ever dared to depend solely upon poetry for his income, and no right-minded man can go to that lonely cottage on the poor brush-covered hill in Georgia and fail to feel how much courage it required to live there as Hayne lived."

Paul Hamilton Hayne loved the forest tree, especially the Southern pine, which he has immortalized in verse. "He made the melancholy moanings of the Georgia pine sob through his poems," as, for example, "The Voice of the Pines," "Aspect of the Pine," "The Dryad of the

Pines," and "In the Pine Barrens." "Under the Pine" was written about a pine tree at whose base Henry Timrod, the South Carolina poet, sat and rested often during the last visit he made to Hayne, a short time before Timrod's death. The two poets had been schoolmates in youth, and life-long friends, and each had generously appreciated the other's poetical genius. One of the finest biographical sketches written is the one Hayne wrote for the published edition of Timrod's poems.

When Hayne was editor of "Russell's Magazine," one of its staunch supporters and welcome contributors was Henry Timrod. In loving memory of this friend, Hayne wrote the beautiful verses "Under the Pine."

O Tree! hast thou no memory at thy core
Of one who comes no more?
No yearning memory of those scenes that were
So richly calm and fair,
When the last rays of sunset shimmering down,
Flashed like a royal crown?

O Tree! against thy mighty trunk he laid
His weary head; thy shade
Stole o'er him like the first cool spell of sleep.

Professor Link says of Hayne: "If Bryant sometimes served at the altar of Nature, Hayne was her high priest, who ever dwelt amid her glories. Bryant was the pioneer of New Eng-

land poets. He was the leader of an association of wits such as Dana, Halleck and others. Even Longfellow followed him at first. So Paul Hamilton Hayne was long the literary high priest of the South. Lanier, Timrod and others came about him for guidance and encouragement."

Again Professor Link writes: "With little market for his wares up North, and with the South too poor to buy, and with friends urging him to turn his efforts to something else, Hayne held to his first love, poesy, with the devotion of a Milton dictating 'Paradise Lost'; few men in America have been so completely and fully a poet as Hayne. Longfellow was for a time professor in a college, Bryant was a newspaper man, and others, temporarily at least, have trained Pegasus along the paths of different professions. Excepting a few prose sketches, almost poetry, and the biography of Timrod, nothing baser than fine-beaten gold of poesy came from his work shop."

William Hayne, son of the poet, has inherited much of the father's genius. Between father and son was always a sweet companionship, and in the exquisite poem, "Will and I," Hayne tells how like two boys together they filled their souls with love for Nature.

We roam the hills together,
In the golden summer weather,
Will and I;

And the glowing sunbeams bless us,
And the winds of heaven caress us,
As we wander hand in hand
Through the blissful summer land,
Will and I.

Where the tinkling brooklet passes
Through the heart of dewy grasses,
Will and I
Have heard the mock-bird singing,
And the field-lark seen upspringing
In his happy flight afar,
Like a tiny wingéd star,
Will and I.

Amid cool forest closes
We have plucked the wild-wood roses,
Will and I,
And have twined, with tender duty,
Sweet wreaths to crown the beauty
Of the purest brows that shine
With a mother-love divine,
Will and I.

Ah! thus we roam together
Through the golden summer weather,
Will and I;
While the glowing sunbeams bless us,
And the winds of heaven caress us—
As we wander hand in hand
O'er the blissful summer land,
Will and I.

Mrs. Preston says of Hayne: "He had the advantage of quite a distinguished appearance, was slightly built, and of medium height, with a lithe, graceful figure, a fine, oval face, with starry, magnificent eyes that glowed with responsive sympathy. He had abundant dark hair thrown back from a high forehead, and his manner was urbane and courteous to a high degree."

The poet had never, even in younger days, been strong physically, and gradually, as he toiled at Copse Hill, he became fully aware that the end was drawing near. Like the swan in her dying song, some of Hayne's most beautiful verses were his late ones, when he felt the hand of Death close by, and even to the end love for Nature throbbed in every line.

I pray you when the shadow of death comes down,
Oh! lay me close to Nature's pulses deep,
Whether her breast with autumn's tints be brown,
Or bright with summer, or hale winter's crown
Press on her brows in sleep;
Lo, nigh the dawn of some new marvelous birth,
I'd look to heaven, still clasped in arms of earth.

Of death Hayne could say in his last poem:

But I, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

Hayne passed away early in July, 1886, honored and beloved for the nobility and the purity of his character, as well as for his splendid genius. For a while his wife and son Will "kept vigil at Copse Hill," then the poet's wife joined her beloved husband.

Among the published works of Hayne are "Sonnets," "Avolio," "Lyrics," "Mountain Lovers," "Life of Robert T. Hayne," also of Hugh Swinton Legare, and Henry Timrod.

THE VOICE IN THE PINES

The morn is softly beautiful and still,
Its light fair clouds in pencilled gold and gray
Pause motionless above the pine-grown hill,
Where the pines, tranced as by a wizard's will,
Uprise as mute and motionless as they!

Yea! mute and moveless; not one flickering spray
Flashed into sunlight, not a gaunt bough stirred;
Yet, if wooed hence beneath those pines to stray,
We catch a faint, thin murmur far away,
A bodiless voice, by grosser ears unheard.

What voice is this? what low and solemn tone,
Which, though all wings of all the winds seem furled,
Nor even the zephyr's fairy flute is blown,
Makes thus forever its mysterious moan
From out the whispering pine-tops' shadowy world?

Ah! can it be the antique tales are true?
Doth some lone Dryad haunt the breezeless air,
Fronting yon bright immitigable blue,
And wildly breathing all her wild soul through
That strange unearthly music of despair?

Or can it be that ages since, storm-tossed,
And driven far inland from the roaring lea,
Some baffled ocean spirit, worn and lost,
Here, through dry summer's dearth and winter's frost,
Yearns for the sharp, sweet kisses of the sea?

Whate'er the spell, I hearken and am dumb,
Dream-touched, and musing in the tranquil morn;
All woodland sounds—the pheasant's gusty drum,
The mock-bird's fugue, the droning insects hum—
Scarce heard for that strange sorrowful voice forlorn!

Beneath the drowsed sense, from deep to deep
Of spiritual life its mournful minor flows,
Streamlike, with pensive tide, whose currents keep
Low murmuring 'twixt the bounds of grief and sleep,
Yet locked for aye, from sleep's divine repose.

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WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

1806—1870

THE early life of this writer was handicapped by the loss of his mother, and he was reared and cared for by his grandmother. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, and at eight years of age began writing verses, which his practical grandmother committed to the flames. Her desire was that he should study medicine, and, as soon as he was old enough, the boy was placed as clerk in a drug-store. But he detested the idea of medicine, and even the smell of drugs was odious to him. In his heart he longed for study, and he said: "I had rather make an absolute failure in literature than a success in something else." Nevertheless, obedient to his grandmother's wishes, he remained as clerk in the drug-store, finally gaining her consent to study law, in which he was much hindered by his lack of education. However, he read good literature, pursued the study of law, and while still a clerk wrote poetry. Rich stores of learning were amassed in passing years, yet Simms always regretted that he had not, in youth, been able to receive the culture and polish

which the study of Latin and Greek is believed to give the mind.

For over forty years this writer devoted himself exclusively to literature. He labored assiduously and threw off from year to year, sometimes from month to month, his rapid series of fiction, now dealing with the rugged, original and aboriginal character of early American life; now depicting the heroic achievements of the knights of elder Spain and the crafty Saracen; now amid the tropic bloom of Florida; now in the abandon of South-western life; now on the Dark and Bloody Ground, covering the whole range of Southern and South-western life. He was, however, most at home in the Revolutionary period when war, and craft, and treachery, and love and death ruled the hour; or in the older and pre-Revolutionary period, when the stalwart and sturdy Indian yet struggled with bloody hand for his erstwhile dominions, and yet hoped to wrest his lands from the pale-face.

Before 1860 this voluminous writer had published eighteen volumes of verse; he also wrote more than sixty other bound volumes of biography, romance, and history.

As an historian and critic he excels. Edgar Allan Poe says of him: "He has more vigor, more imagination, more movement, and more general capacity than all other novelists except Cooper."

Professor James Wood Davidson, a later critic, writing in 1869 declares: "In the wielding of events, in that sacrificing of character to situation he stands unsurpassed." He further says: "In his day and time some critics declared Simms' novels too full of realism; yet to-day people admire without protest the rough realism that saturates the 'Barrack Room Ballads' of Kipling." Ten of his novels have received German translation, and his life of Francis Marion is as attractive as fiction; also the lives of John Smith, Chevalier Bayard and General Greene. Simms did for South Carolina what Sir Walter Scott did for his country and Fenimore Cooper did for New England. His novels are almost entirely Southern, and Southern life has been faithfully reproduced. He owned a fine plantation near Midway, South Carolina, called "Woodlands." A bronze bust of him was unveiled at Pine Garden, Charleston, in 1879, and his memory is cherished tenderly in his birthplace.

William Gilmore Simms had little love for the profession of law; his heart was in literature. When he abandoned his practice, he began the editorship of "The Tablet, or Southern Monthly Literary Gazette," a sixty-four-page magazine. It proved to be an unprofitable enterprise and ran only about a year. He then undertook the "City Gazette." He opposed with all his personal courage and mental powers the nullification movement.

The death of his first wife, who was a Miss Giles, of Charleston, the burning of his house, the failure of his literary ventures, the death of his father and grandmother, all came with crushing force, and a weaker man would have been utterly disheartened; but William Gilmore Simms had the true every-day courage of a soldier and nothing overcame it. Later he was happily married to Miss Chavillette Roach, the daughter of a well-to-do planter, and one of his earliest novels, "Guy Rivers," passed through several editions and was reprinted in London. With great rapidity he now published volume after volume of fiction, among them being "The Partisan," "The Yemassee," "Mellichampe," "Border Beagles," "Katharine Walton," and "The Scout," which were much admired and read. It is said, by those who wish to criticise adversely, that Simms is quite forgotten and his books are now unread. Professor Trent says: "One might perhaps say the same of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and it is certain that Cooper holds little of the kingdom in which he once reigned supreme. Tales of adventure with historical basis have given way, for the time, to novels of passion." So rapidly did Simms cover the romance, the history, the traditions of the South with his fiction that "about fifty volumes," says Professor Trent, "would hardly contain all he wrote, and while much of this work must have been done hurriedly, the

South cannot afford to be indifferent to the great value of his books, and his name will always stand high on the list of pioneer American writers."

The plantation home of this writer, "Woodlands," was noted for its hospitality and many distinguished guests were entertained there. Scott wrote of and immortalized the heather and Whittier the native scenery of New England; so Simms loved his home and made beautiful its swamps and forests.

Paul Hamilton Hayne says: "Simms was a typical Southerner of the ante-bellum period." The first time he saw Simms was in 1847, in Charleston, at a lecture, when Simms was called out by the audience for a talk. "I had," says Hayne, "already read some of his novels and I had long desired to see the author. He now came forward, a man in the prime of life, tall, vigorous and symmetrically formed. Under strangely mobile eyebrows flashed a pair of bluish-gray eyes, keen and bright as steel. His mouth, slightly prominent, especially in the upper lip, was a wonderfully firm one; the massive jaw and chin might have been moulded out of iron."

Simms was an ardent Secessionist, and at the close of the war he found himself, like all Southern men, ruined financially. The death of his beloved wife in 1863 left him prostrated with grief; his fine beard was gray and his noble forehead marked

with care and sorrow. He died, beloved by his children and his large circle of acquaintances, June 11, 1870. He died as he had lived, a noble Christian man, one of the band of Southern authors the South must ever admire and whose memory must be perpetuated from generation to generation by those who truly love their native land. With much justice, Simms has been called the "Cooper of the South."

The following list comprises most of his published works:

"Martin," "Faber," "Book of My Lady," "Guy Rivers," "The Yemassee," "Partisan," "Mellichampe," "Richard Hurdis," "Palayo," "Carl Werner and other Tales," "Border Beagles," "Confession, or the Blind Heart," "Beauchampe (sequel to Charlemont)," "Helen Halsey," "Castle Dismal," "Count Julian," "Wigwam and Cabin," "Katharine Walton," "Golden Christmas," "Foragers," "Maroon, and other Tales," "Utah," "Woodcraft," "Marie de Berniere," "Father Abbott," "Scout" (first called "Kinsman"), "Charlemont," "Cassique of Kiawah," and "Vasconselas (tale of De Soto)."

POEMS (2 volumes)

"Atalantis," "Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies," "Lays of the Palmetto," "Southern

Passages and Pictures," "Areytos," "Songs and Ballads of the South."

DRAMAS

"Norman Maurice," "Michael Bonham, or Fall of the Alamo."

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY, ETC.

"Life of General Francis Marion," "Life of Captain John Smith," "Life of Chevalier Bayard," "Geography of South Carolina," "Reviews in Periodicals" (2 Vols.), "Life of General Nathanael Greene," "History of South Carolina," "South Carolina in the Revolution," "War Poetry of the South," and "Seven Dramas of Shakespeare."

The following extract has been taken from "The Yemassee," a story of the South Carolina Indians:

The district of Beaufort, lying along the Atlantic coast in the State of South Carolina, is especially commended to the regards of the antiquarian as the region first distinguished in the history of the United States by an European settlement. (We are speaking now of authentic history only. We are not ignorant of the claim on behalf of the Northmen to discovery along the very same region fully five hundred years before this period—

an assertion which brings us back to tradition of Madoc and his Welshmen; the report of the Northmen adding further, that the language spoken was cognate with that of the Irish, with which they were familiar. For this curious history see the recently published "*Antiquities American*," under the editorship of Professor Raf of Copenhagen.)

Here a colony of French Huguenots was established in 1562 under the auspices of the celebrated Gaspard de Coligni, Admiral of France, who in the reign of Charles IX. conceived the necessity of such a settlement, with the hope of securing a sanctuary for French Protestants, when they should be compelled, as he foresaw they soon would, by the anti-religious persecutions of the time, to fly from their native into foreign regions. This settlement, however, proved unsuccessful; and the events which history records of the subsequent effort of the French to establish colonies in the same neighborhood, while of unquestionable authority, have all the charm of the most delightful romance.

It was not till an hundred years after, that the same spot was temporarily settled by the English under Sayle, who became the first governor, as he was the first permanent founder, of the settlement. The situation was exposed, however, to the incursions of the Spaniards, who, in the meantime, had possessed themselves of Florida, and for a long time after continued to harass and prevent colonization in this quarter. But perseverance at length triumphed over all these difficulties, and though Sayle, for further security, in the infancy of this settlement, had removed to the banks of the Ashley, other adventurers, little by little, contrived to occupy the ground he had

left, and in the year seventeen hundred, the birth of a white native child is recorded.

From the earliest period of our acquaintance with the country of which we speak, it was in the possession of a powerful and gallant race, and their tributary tribes, known by the general name of Yemassees. Not so numerous, perhaps as many of the neighboring nations, they nevertheless commanded the respectful consideration of all. In valor they made up for any deficiencies of number, and proved themselves not only sufficiently strong to hold out defiance to invasion, but were always ready to anticipate assault. Their promptness and valor in the field furnished their best securities against attack, while their forward courage, elastic temper, and excellent skill in the rude condition of their warfare, enabled them to subject to their dominion most of the tribes around them, many of which were equally numerous with their own. Like the Romans, in this way they strengthened their own powers by a wise incorporation of the conquered with the conquerors; and under the several names of Huspahs, Coosaws, Comhahees, Stowoces, and Sewees, the greater strength of the Yemassees contrived to command so many dependents, prompted by their movements, and almost entirely under their dictation. Thus strengthened, the recognition of their power extended into the remote interior, and they formed one of the twenty-eight aboriginal nations among which, at its first settlement by the English, the province of Carolina was divided.

A feeble colony of adventurers from a distant world had taken up its abode alongside of them. The weaknesses of the intruder were, at first, his only but sufficient protection with the unsophisticated savage. The white

man had his lands assigned him, and he trenched his furrows to receive the grain on the banks of Indian waters. The wild man looked on the humiliating labor, wondering as he did so, but without fear and never dreaming for a moment of his own approaching subjection. Meanwhile the adventurers grew daily more numerous, for their friends and relatives soon followed them across the ocean. They, too, had lands assigned them in turn by the improvident savage, until, at length, we behold the log house of the white man, rising up amid the thinned clump of woodland foliage, within hailing distance of the squat, clay hovel of the savage.

The Yemassee were politic and brave . . . They looked with a feeling of aversion which they yet strove to conceal upon the approach of the white man on every side. The thick groves disappeared, the clear skies grew turbid with the dense smokes rolling up in the solid masses from the burning herbage.

Hamlets grew into existence, as it were, by magic under their own very eyes, and in sight of their own town, for the shelter of a different people, and at length, a common sentiment, not even yet embodied perhaps by its open expression, even among themselves, prompted the Yemassee in a desire to arrest the progress of a race with which they could never hope to acquire any real or lasting affinity.

Permission M. A. Donahue, Chicago.

JAMES BARRON HOPE

1829—1887

JAMES BARRON HOPE has been called the poet laureate of Virginia. He was born at the residence of his grandfather, near Norfolk. His father, Wilton Hope, of Bethel, Elizabeth City County, was a handsome, gifted man, a landed proprietor, whose broad acres bordered on the waters of the Hampton River. The poet's lifelong devotion to his native State came from the maternal side, from the Barrons, those "Virginia Vikings," as they were called. Jane Barron, his mother, was daughter of Commodore Barron, who commanded the Gosport Navy-Yard at the time of the birth of his son James. James Barron Hope gained his early education at Germantown. Later he became a student of Colonel Cary, in the noted Hampton Academy, and here began a friendship between the distinguished educator and young Hope, a friendship which lasted long in life.

In 1847 he was graduated from William and Mary College, then becoming secretary to his uncle, Captain Samuel Barron, and in 1853 he

made a cruise to the West Indies. His beautiful poem "Cuba," sent at this time to his mother for criticism, now seems almost a prophecy.

In 1856 Hope was elected attorney for old Hampton, then the center of a charming and cultivated society. Here he was honored as a bard, for, under the name of "Henry Ellen," he had contributed to various Southern publications, and his poems in the "Southern Literary Messenger" had attracted much gratifying attention. His friendship for John Reuben Thompson, then editor of this magazine, lasted and deepened as the years rolled by.

In 1857 J. B. Lippincott brought out "Leoni di Monota and Other Poems." The volume was cordially received and much praise was given to "The Charge at Balaklava," which G. P. R. James and other critics have declared equal to Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Upon the 13th of May, 1857, James Barron Hope was chosen the poet for the 250th anniversary of the English settlement of Jamestown. His poem for this occasion is full of grandeur and imagery.

Here the red Canute on this spot, sat down,
His splendid forehead stormy with a frown,
To quell, with the wild lightning of his glance
The swift encroachment of the wave's advance;

To meet and check the ruthless tide which rose,
Crest after crest of energetic foes.
While high and strong poured on each cruel wave,
Until they left his royalty in a grave;
But o'er this wild tumultuous deluge glows
A vision fair as Heaven to saint e'er shows;
A dove of mercy o'er the billows dark
Fluttered awhile, then fled within God's ark.
Had I the power, I'd reverently describe
That peerless maid—the "pearl of all her tribe";
As evening fair, when coming night and day
Contend together which shall wield its sway;
But, here abashed, my paltry fancy stays;
For her, too humble its most stately lays
A shade of twilight's softest, sweetest gloom—
The dusk of morning — found a splendid tomb
In England's glare; so strange, so vast, so bright
The dusk of morning burst in splendid light,
Which falleth through the Past's cathedral aisles,
Till sculptured Mercy like a seraph smiles.

Sad is the story of that maiden's race,
Long driven from each legendary place
All their expansive hunting-grounds are now
Torn by the iron of Saxon's plow,
Which turns up skulls and arrow-heads, and bones —
Their places nameless and unmarked by stones.

At the anniversary of the "Battle of the Crater" Hope recited his metrical address "Mahone's Brigade," beginning:

Your arms are stacked, your splendid colors furled,
Your drums are still, aside your trumpets laid,
But your dumb muskets once spoke to the world —
And the world listened to Mahone's Brigade.

Like waving plume upon Bellona's crest,
Or comet in red majesty arrayed,
Or Persia's flame transported to the West,
Shall shine the glory of Mahone's Brigade.

Not once, in all those years so dark and grim,
Your columns from the path of duty strayed;
No craven act made your escutcheon dim —
'Twas burnished with your blood, Mahone's Brigade.

In 1857 Hope married Miss Annie Beverly Whiting of Hampton, a woman of lovely person, beautiful character, and great strength of purpose.

In 1881 Congress chose him as poet for the Yorktown Centennial, and this address, "Arms and the Man," with other sonnets, was published the next year.

Again Hope was called upon to deliver a poem at the laying of the cornerstone of the monument erected in Richmond to General Robert E. Lee. The cornerstone was laid in October, 1887, but the poet's voice had been stilled forever, and the poem was read by William Gordon McCabe. This poem, "Memoriae Sacrum," has been pronounced by many to be Hope's masterpiece.

In his "Washington Memorial Ode," written for the unveiling of Crawford's statue of Washington, occur the following fine lines:

O proud old Commonwealth! thy sacred name
Makes frequent music on the life of Fame!
And as the Nation, in its onward march,
Thunders beneath the Union's mighty arch,
Thine the bold front which every patriot sees
The stateliest figure on its massive frieze.
O proud old State! well may thy form be grand,
'Twas thine to give a Saviour to the land.

Besides poetry James Barron Hope published "Little Stories for Little People"; a novel, "Madelon"; many masterly addresses; "Virginia, Her Past, Present and Future," and "The Press and the Printer's Devil."

During the late years of his life he suffered from illness, but none save those nearest to him knew of it. He was among the first to join the Confederate Army and came out of the war with broken health and ruined fortune.

Hope was a little under six feet in height, slender, graceful and finely proportioned, with hands and feet of distinctive beauty. In his own home he was always at his best, for he touched with poetry the daily prose of living. A handsome monument, fashioned from the stones of the State he loved so well, has been erected to his

memory in Elmwood Cemetery, Norfolk, inscribed to the "Poet, Patriot, Scholar, Journalist, and Kingly Virginia Gentleman."

BALAKLAVA *

Spurring onward, Captain Nolan!
Spurring furiously is seen —
And although the road meanders—
His no heavy steed of Flanders,
But one fit for the commanders
Of her majesty the Queen.

Nolan halted where the squadrons
Stood impatient of delay,
Out he drew his brief dispatches,
Which their leader quickly snatches.
At a glance their meaning catches—
They are ordered to the fray!

All that morning they had waited,
As their frowning faces showed;
Horses stamping, riders fretting,
And their teeth together setting;
Not a single sword-blade wetting
As the battle ebbed and flowed.

Now the fevered spell is broken,
Every man feels twice as large,
Every heart is fiercely leaping,

From copy in possession of Capt. M. B. Davis, of Waco.
Printed in a Virginia paper in 1861.

As a lion roused from sleeping,
For they know they will be sweeping
In a moment to the charge!

Brightly gleam six hundred sabres,
And the brazen trumpets ring;
Steeds are gathered, spurs are driven,
And the heavens widely riven
With a mad shout upward given,
Scaring vultures on the wing.

Stern its meaning! was not Gallia
Looking down on Albion's sons?
In each mind this thought implanted,
Undismayed and all undaunted,
By the battle-fields enchanted,
They ride down upon the guns.

Onward! On! the chargers trample;
Quicker falls each iron heel!
And the headlong pace grows faster;
Noble steed and noble master,
Rushing on to red disaster,
Where the heavy cannons peal!

In the van rides Captain Nolan;
Soldier stout he was and brave!
And his shining sabre flashes,
As upon the foe he dashes;
God! his face turns white as ashes,
He has ridden to his grave!

Down he fell, prone from his saddle,
Without motion, without breath,
Never more a triumph to waken.
He, the very first one taken,
From the bough so sorely shaken,
In that vintage-time of Death.

In a moment, in a twinkling,
He was gathered to his rest!
In the time for which he'd waited,
With his gallant heart elated,
Down went Nolan, decorated
With a death wound on the breast.

Comrades still are onward charging,
He is lying on the sod:
Onward still their steeds are rushing
Where the shot and shell are crushing;
From his corpse the blood is gushing,
And his soul is with his God.

As they spur on, what strange visions
Flit across each rider's brain!
Thought of maidens fair, of mothers;
Friends and sisters, wives and brothers,
Blent with images of others,
Whom they ne'er shall see again.

Onward, on the squadrons thunder—
Knightly hearts were theirs and brave,—
Men and horses without number

All the furrowed ground encumber,—
Falling fast to their last slumber,—
Bloody slumber! bloody graves!

Of that charge at Balaklava—
In its chivalry sublime—
Vivid, grand, historic pages
Shall descend to future ages;
Poets, painters, hoary sages
Shall record it for all time.

Telling how those English horsemen
Rode the Russian gunners down;
How with ranks all thinned and shattered;
How with helmets hacked and battered;
How with sword arms blood-bespattered;
They won honor and renown.

'Twas "not war," but it was splendid,
As a dream of old romance—
Thinking which their Gallic neighbors
Thrilled to watch them at their labors,
Hewing red graves with their sabres,
In that wonderful advance.

Down went many a gallant soldier,
Down went many a stout dragoon;
Lying grim, and stark, and gory,
On that crimson field of glory,
Leaving us a noble story
And their white-cliffed home a boon.

Full of hopes and aspirations
Were their hearts at dawn of day;
Now, with forms all rent and broken,
Bearing each some frightful token
Of a scene ne'er to be spoken,
In their silent sleep they lay.

Here a noble charger stiffens;
There his rider grasps the hilt
Of his sabre lying bloody,
By his side, upon the muddy,
Trampled ground, which darkly ruddy
Shows the blood that he has spilt.

And to-night the moon shall shudder
As she looks down on the moor,
Where the dead of hostile races
Slumber, slaughtered in their places;
All their rigid ghastly faces
Spattered hideously with gore.

And the sleepers! ah, the sleepers
Make a Westminster that day;
'Mid the seething battle's lava!
And each man who fell shall have a
Proud inscription—Balaklava—
Which shall never fade away.

CUBA

O'er thy purple hills, O Cuba!
Through thy valleys of romance,
All thy glorious dreams of freedom
Are but dreamt as in a trance.

Mountain pass and fruitful valley,
Mural town and spreading plain
Show the footstep of the Spaniard,
In his burning lust for gain.

Since the caravel of Colon
Grated first upon thy strand,
Everything about thee, Cuba,
Shews the iron Spanish hand.

Hear that crash of martial music!
From the plaza how it swells!
How it trembles with the meaning
Of the story that it tells!

Turn thy steps up to Altares—
There was done a deed of shame!
Hapless men were coldly butchered,—
'Tis a part of Spanish fame!

Wander now down to the Punta,
Lay thy hand upon thy throat—
Thou wilt see a Spanish emblem
In the dark and grim garrote.

In the Morro, in the market,
In the shadow, in the sun,

Thou wilt see the bearded Spaniard
Where a gold piece may be won.

And they fatten on thee, Cuba!
Gay soldado—cunning priest!
How these vultures flock and hover
On thy tortured breast to feast.

Thou Prometheus of the ocean!
Bound down,—not for what thou'st done,
But for fear thy social stature
Should start living in the sun!

And we give thee tears, O Cuba!
And our prayers to God uplift,
That at last the flame celestial
May come down to thee—a gift!

JOHN ESTEN COOKE

1830—1886

THIS most popular author was born in Winchester, Virginia, and his father was John Rogers Cooke, an eminent lawyer of Richmond. John Esten Cooke left school at sixteen. Then he studied law, practicing with his father for about four years, after which he devoted himself to literary work. Here he followed three lines, biography, fiction and poetry, and he classes well with the novelists of our country. His writings are not so voluminous as Cooper's and Simms', but he ranks with them.

In the beginning of the Civil War Cooke enlisted and served first as a private in the artillery and was in almost all the battles in Virginia, most of the time serving as a member of General J. E. B. Stuart's staff. At General Lee's surrender he was inspector-general of the horse artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia.

From his experience it is only natural that Cooke's stories should relate almost entirely to Virginia, its life, its romance, its manners and customs.

At the close of the Civil War Cooke returned

to his home at "Eagle's Nest" where, in quiet and peace, with his children and wife, he pursued his writings, producing volume after volume of intense and dramatic romance. He was cousin of John Pendleton Kennedy of Baltimore, and was married to Miss Mary Page, one of that distinguished family in Virginia.

His home was beautifully located, and his neighbors were the Nelsons, the Pages, the Randolphs and other well-known families.

John Esten Cooke is pre-eminently the Southern novelist of the Civil War, and his literary work was done purely for love of the work and not for remuneration.

The one of his novels which had the largest sale was entitled "Surry of Eagle's Nest." It is a striking portrayal of life in the Old Dominion, and, as with all Cooke's fiction, it holds the interest of the reader to the very end. The skill with which all the scenes and events are pictured is truly wonderful, and the pen portraits of such men as "Jeb" Stuart, "Stonewall" Jackson and others are truthful and convincing.

"Mohun" is a sequel to "Surry of Eagle's Nest." It is a magnificent drama, opening with a cavalry review in June, 1863, on the plains of Culpeper, and the story ends in 1865, when with his pass the paroled prisoner went slowly across Virginia to his home.

But all was not taken. Honor was left us, and the angels at home. Hearts beat fast as gray uniforms were clasped in long embrace. Those angels at home loved the poor prisoners better in their dark days than in their bright ones.

"Hilt to Hilt" is a novel in which one learns to appreciate the poetry and valor of '1864, the deeds of bravery, the tremendous sacrifice of property and blood, and the destruction of social life in the South, such as the author saw with his own eyes.

"Fairfax" is a love story, the scene of which is located in the Blue Ridge and the valley of the historic Shenandoah River. Many pages are full of pathos, simple as a child's life, yet deeply touching, as where the child Connie dies, and the boy sings:

Oh! she was an angel,
Last year she died,
Toll the bell, a funeral knell
For my young Virginia bride.

All the novels of Cooke are replete with Southern history and the life of the old South, and they should be preserved and read for generations.

Mr. Cooke was a man of attractive personal appearance, medium height, well formed, with fine eyes and the courtly manner of a Southern gentleman. He preferred a literary career to all others, and while he was an ardent Southerner, he wrote

without bitterness. His "History of Virginia" is one of the most delightful of the "Commonwealth Series," and is itself like a beautiful romance.

Many of Cooke's writings are scattered among various papers and magazines and have never been collected and put in book form, but his published books are:

"The Virginia Comedians," "Leather Stocking and Silk," "Surry of Eagle's Nest," "The Youth of Jefferson," "Wearing the Gray," "My Lady Pocahontas," "Henry St. John, or Bonnybel Vane," "Mohun, or Last Days of Lee and his Paladins," "Her Majesty the Queen," "Pretty Mrs. Gaston," "Stories of the Old Dominion," "The Maurice Mystery," "The Grantley's Idea," "Professor Pressensee," "Virginia Bohemians," "Hammer and Rapier," "Hilt to Hilt," "Life of General Lee," "Stonewall Jackson," "A Biography of Virginia, a History of the People."

MISS BONNYBEL

Vanely was one of those old mansions whose walls still stand in Virginia, the eloquent memorials of other times, and the good old race who filled the past days with so many festivals, and such high revelry.

The first brick of the edifice had been laid upon the lap of a baby, afterwards known as Colonel Vane, and passed through his baby fingers. The life of the mansion and the owner thus commenced together. It was a broad, ram-

bling old house, perched on a sort of upland which commanded a noble landscape of field and river; and in front of the portal, two great oaks stretched out their gigantic arms, gnarled and ancient, like guardians of the edifice. In these as in the hundred others, scattered over the undulating lawn, and crowning every knoll, a thousand birds were carolling, and a swarm of swallows darted backward and forward, circling around the stacks of chimneys, and making the air vocal with their merriment.

There was about the odd old mansion an indefinable air of comfort and repose, and, within, these characteristics were equally discernible. The old portraits ranged along the hall in oaken frames, looked serenely down upon the beholder, and with powdered heads, and lace ruffs, and carefully arranged drapery, seemed to extend a stately and impressive welcome. Sir Arthur Vane, who fought for a much less worthy man at Marston Moor, was there, with his flowing locks and peaked head, and wide collar of rich Venice lace, covering his broad shoulders; and Miss Maria Vane, with towering curls, and jewel-decorated fingers, playing with her lap-dog, smiling meanwhile with that winning grace which made her a toast in the days of her kinsman Bolingbroke, and Mr. Addison; and more than one tender and delicate child, like violets or snowdrops, in the midst of these sturdy family trunks, or blooming roses, added a finishing grace to the old walls—that grace which nothing but the forms of children ever give. Deer antlers, guns, an old sword or two, and a dozen London prints of famous race horses completed the adornment of the hall; and from this wide space, the plain oaken stairway ran up, and the various doors opened to the apartments on the ground floor of the mansion.

On the May morning we have spoken of, the old house was in its glory; for the trees were covering themselves densely with fresh green foliage, and the grounds were carpeted with emerald grass, studded with flowers, waving their delicate heads, and murmuring gently in the soft spring breeze and the golden sunshine. The oriole swung from the top-most boughs, and poured his flood of song upon the air; the woodpecker's bright wings flapped from tree to tree; and a multitude of swamp-sparrows flashed in and out of the foliage and fruit blossoms, or circled joyously around the snowy fringe-trees sparkling in the sunshine. From the distant fields and forests the monotonous caw of the crows, winging their slow way through the blue sky, indicated even on the part of these ancient enemies of the corn field, joyous satisfaction at the incoming of the warm season after the long winter; and a thousand merry robins flew about, with red breasts shaken by melodious chirpings, and brilliant plumage burnished by sunlight.

Everything was bright with the youthful joy of spring, and as Mr. St. John and his friend dismounted before the old mansion, the very walls upon which the waving shadows of a thousand leaves were thrown seemed smiling, and prepared to greet them; the open portal held imaginary arms to welcome them.

Before this portal stood,—its old form basking pleasantly in the sunshine,—the roomy, low-swung family chariot, with its four long-tailed grays, as ancient, very nearly, as its self, and showing by their well-conditioned forms and glossy manes the result of tranquil, easy living. By their side stood the old white-haired negro driver, time out of mind the family coachman of the Vanes; and in

person of this worthy African gentleman a similar mode of living was unmistakably indicated. Old Cato had evidently little desire to be a censor; sure of his own high position, and quite easy on the subject of the purity of the family blood, he was plainly satisfied with his lot, and had no desire to change the order of things. In his own opinion he was himself one of the family—a portion of the manor, a character of respectability and importance. Old Cato greeted the young gentlemen with familiar but respectful courtesy, and received their cordial shakes of the hand with evident pleasure. The horses even seemed to look for personal greeting, and when the young man passed his hand over their necks, they turned their intelligent heads and whinnied gently in token of recognition. Mr. St. John patted their coats familiarly, calling them by name, and looking up to the old man said, smiling:

“Welcome, Vanely. The month I’ve been away seems a whole century. After all, the town is nothing like the country, and no other part of it’s like Vanely.”

“Suppose you look a minute at the original,” said a voice at his elbow. St. John turns quickly and sees the vivacious Miss Bonnybel, decked out for the evening, at his side. “But if I prefer the portrait?” he replies; “it reminds me of old times.”

“When I was a child, I suppose, sir!”

“Yes; and when you loved me more than now.”

“Who said I did not love you now?” asked the girl with coquettish glance.

“Do you?”

“Certainly. I love you dearly—you and all my cousins.”

St. John sighed, and then laughed; but said nothing, and offering his arm, led the girl into the sitting-room.

The young girls, whilst awaiting the appearance of Caesar, the violin player, from the "quarters," amused themselves writing their names, after a fashion very prevalent in Virginia, upon the panes of the windows. For this purpose they made use of diamond rings, or, better still, the long sharp pointed crystals known as "Virginia diamonds."

With these the gallants found no difficulty in inscribing the names of their sweet-hearts, with all the flourishes of a writing-master, on the glass, and very soon the glittering tablets were scrawled over with Lucies and Fannies, and a brilliant genius of the party even executed some fine profile portraits.

Those names have remained there for nearly a century, and when, afterwards, the persons who traced them looked with age-dimmed eyes upon the lines, the dead day rose again before them, and its forms appeared once more, laughing and joyous, as at Vanely that evening. And not here only may these memorials of another age be found; in a hundred Virginia houses they speak of the past.

Yes, yes, those names on the panes of Vanely are a spell! They sound like a strange music, a bright wonder in the ears of their descendants! Frail chronicle! How you bring up the brilliant eyes again, the jest and the glance, the joy and the laughter, the splendor and beauty which flashed onward, under other skies, in old Virginia, dead to us so long! As I gaze on your surface, bright panes of Vanely, I fancy with what sparkling eyes the names were traced. I see in a dream, as it were, the soft

white hand which laid its cushioned palm on this glittering tablet; I see the rich dresses, the bending necks, the fingers gracefully inclined as the maidens leaned over to write "Lucy," and "Fanny," and "Nelly," "Frances," and "Kate"; I see the curls and the powder, the furbelows and flounces, the ring on the finger, the lace on the arm,—lace that was yellow indeed by the snow it enveloped! I see no less clearly, the forms of the gallants, those worthy young fellows in ruffles and fairtops; I see all the smiles, and the laughter, and love. Oh beautiful figures of a dead generation! You are only phantoms. You are all gone, and your laces have faded or are moth-eaten; you are silent now, and still, and the minuet bows no more, you are dimly remembered, the heroines of a tale that is told, you live on a window pane only! Old panes! it is the human story that I read in you,—the legend of a generation, and of all generations! For what are the records of earth and its actors but frost work on a pane, or those scratches of a diamond which a blow shatters. A trifle may shiver the tablet and strew it in the dust. There is only one record, one tablet, where the name which is written lives for ever; it is not in this world, 'tis beyond the stars.

"Oh, there's Uncle Caesar!" cries Bonnybel, "and we'll have a dance——"

We pause a moment to look on the minuet, to listen to old Uncle Caesar fiddle, to hear the long-drawn music wind its liquid cadences through mellow variations, and to see the forms and faces of the young men and the maidens.

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MRS. MARY S. B. DANA-SHINDLER

1810—1883

BEAUFORT, South Carolina, was the birth-place of Mary Stanly Bunce Palmer, but while she was very young her father, the Rev. B. M. Palmer, removed to Charleston, South Carolina, and in that city, little Mary, the child of sweet songs, was educated at the seminary of the Ramsey sisters, daughters of the historian, Dr. David Ramsey.

On account of her delicate health Miss Palmer finished her studies in the North, and while in school she became noted for her poetic genius. Her graceful manners and sprightly conversation made her at all times a desirable companion; while her ready sympathy and thorough appreciation of the feelings of others rendered her a warmly cherished friend. After leaving school she returned to Charleston and became a contributor to different periodicals. In 1835 she married Mr. Charles E. Dana of New York City, where they resided for three years. Then Bloomington, Iowa, became her home, but she had not lived in that city long until death took from her, in two short days, her husband and their only child. Thus

bereft, it was only natural that she should again return to Charleston, her childhood home.

"From early youth she had written for amusement, occasionally contributing to various publications, but now she devoted her fine talents to the task as a regular occupation, and, in 1841, published that happy combination of music and poetry, 'The Southern Harp.' A similar volume soon followed under the title of 'The Northern Harp.' Both of these books received a hearty welcome, and the combination of her own pure thoughts with the secular music familiar at that time proved a happy and popular union."

"The Parted Family and Other Poems" was published in 1842, and contained such songs as "Pass Under the Rod," "Come Sing to Me of Heaven," "A Pilgrim and a Stranger," "Shed Not a Tear," and many other beautiful verses. About the year 1844 Mrs. Dana wrote "The Temperance Lyre" and published a number of short stories. She wrote several prose works, including "Forecastle Tom," "The Young Sailor," and "Charles Martin, or the Young Patriot," but her largest and best-known prose work is entitled "Letters to Relatives and Friends," and was published in both the United States and in England.

A great sorrow again filled the heart of Mrs. Dana. In 1847 death robbed her of the sweet

companionship of her loving parents. In 1848 she became the wife of the Rev. Robert D. Shindler, an Episcopal clergyman. In 1868 the family moved to Nacogdoches, Texas, where both Mr. and Mrs. Shindler died, leaving an only child, Mr. Robert C. Shindler, who still survives them and lives in that city.

PASS UNDER THE ROD

It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner: The lambs were separated from their dams, and enclosed in a sheep-cote, with only the narrow way out; the lambs were at the entrance. On opening the gate, the lambs hastened to join their dams, and a man placed at the entrance, with a rod dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying, "Let this be holy."—Union Bible Dictionary. . . . "And I will cause you to pass under the rod and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant."—Ezekiel.

I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
 Bedecked in her snowy array,
 And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek
 And the future looked blooming and gay;
 And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
 At the shrine of idolatrous love,
 And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
 By the chain which her tenderness wove.
 But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and
 torn,
 And the chain had been severed in two,

She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And He strengthened the chain He had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies:
There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God,
"I love thee, I love thee! PASS UNDER THE ROD!"

I saw a young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips, as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh! sweet as a rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there!
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told;
But the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart
And taken her treasure away,
To allure her to Heaven, He has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of her God,
"I love thee, I love thee! PASS UNDER THE ROD!"

I saw when a father and mother had leaned
On the arm of a dear cherished son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;

And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the star-light of love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet;
But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave,
Where their heart's dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled;
But the Healer was there, and His arms were around
And He led them with tenderest care,
And He showed them a star in the bright upper world,
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there.
They had each heard a voice, 'twas the voice of their God,
"I love thee, I love thee! PASS UNDER THE ROD!"

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

1848—1908

MIDDLE Georgia has contributed much of the brightest and most original humor of the South. Here native material for fiction was early used by writers who saw the quaint habits and heard the dialect of plantation life. "No one of the group of original and fascinating writers of the South has been truer in delineation of character or more keenly alive to the folk-lore, the pathos, the human life of the simple, hearty, independent, homogeneous people of middle Georgia than Joel Chandler Harris, who was born in Putnam County, Georgia."

Poverty was the first gift presented to the boyhood of Joel Chandler Harris, but he was eager, alive and watchful for opportunities. A Mr. Turner, living near, on a large plantation, began the publication of a small local paper called "The Countryman," a weekly sheet somewhat after the order of "The Rambler." In looking over the first issue, young Harris saw an advertisement for a boy to work in the editor's office and to learn the printing business. An application was quickly

made for the place, and here was the lad's opportunity, for Mr. Turner was wealthy, had a large plantation, and better still, about three thousand well-selected books, of which young Harris became a constant reader. This was good soil in which his genius could grow. From among these books, it is said that the first story he read was "The Vicar of Wakefield," the simple charm of which never was forgotten by him, even after he became, himself, a writer of beautiful fiction.

Mr. Harris says he likes stories that portray "human nature, humble, fascinating, plain, common human nature."

During his life on the plantation, teeming with slaves, and other interesting characters, this young man Harris absorbed every phase of passing events, and "his keen observation and boundless sympathies put him in touch with every dog, horse, black runaway and white deserter, master and slave."

It is not strange that, under the influence of this library, and surrounded by the romance, the pathos and beauty of the old Southern plantation life, Joel Chandler Harris began to write. At first his extreme modesty induced him to publish his work under a *nom de plume*, but later kindly notice and the encouraging reception of his articles induced him to write regularly, using his own name. This pleasant existence ended, for,

during the Civil war, after Sherman's march through Georgia, there was nothing left on the plantation, and Harris went to Macon, where he found work on "The Daily Telegraph" of that city, and finally became owner of "The Forsyth Advertiser." One night he wrote the first sketch, in "Legends of the Plantation," which was the beginning of "Uncle Remus" and the "Little Boy." Fame came to him at once. The true secret of the real value of Uncle Remus' tales is found in the fact that Mr. Harris "had the rare ability to seize the heart of a suggestion, and make a section famous with a legend." It seems almost impossible for late song writers, novelists, or historians to appreciate the nature or understand the conditions of the plantation negro, but "there is no misrepresentation in the writings of Joel Chandler Harris, not a word strikes a false accent, not a scene or incident is out of keeping with the life he knew so thoroughly."

Quoting from Julian W. Abernethy: "The strenuous work of reconstruction called him, and he entered actively into the reviving journalism of the South, finally becoming associated with the "Atlanta Constitution," as editor, which place he filled for twenty-five years. Having retired from active journalism, he now devoted his time entirely to literature. His published writings are:

"Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings,"

"Nights with Uncle Remus," "Uncle Remus and His Friends," "Max Mingo," "Mr. Little Thimblefinger," "On the Plantation," "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," "Balaam and His Master," "Mr. Rabbit at Home," "The Story of Aaron," "Sister Jane," "Free Joe," "Stories of Georgia," "Aaron in the Wild Woods," "Tales of the Home Folks," "Georgia, from the Invasion of De Soto to Recent Times," "Evening Tales," "Stories of Home Folks," "Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann," "On the Wings of Occasion," "The Making of a Statesman."

The following extract from the "Old Bascom Place," shows the peculiar love of the planter of the Old South for his country home and how difficult it was for the aged Southern man to adjust himself to the new conditions.

The crash came when General Sherman went marching through Hillsborough. The Bascom Place, being the largest and the richest plantation in that neighborhood, suffered the worst. Every horse, every mule, every living thing with hide and hoof, was driven off by the Federals, and a majority of the negroes went along with the army. It was often said of Judge Bascom that he had so many negroes he didn't know them when he met them in the big road, and this was probably true. His negroes knew him, and knew that he was a kind master in many respects, but they had no personal affection for him. They were such strangers to the Judge that they never felt

justified in complaining to him even when the overseers ill-treated them.

Consequently, when Sherman went marching along, the great majority of them bundled up their little effects and followed after the army. They had nothing to bind them to the old place. The house servants and a few negroes, in whom the Judge took a personal interest, remained, but all the rest went away.

Then, in a few months, came the news of the surrender, bringing with it a species of paralysis or stupefaction from which the people were long in recovering—so long, indeed, that some of them died in despair, while others lingered on the stage, watching, with dim eyes and trembling limbs, half-hopefully and half-fretfully, the representatives of a new generation trying to build up the waste places. There was nothing left for Judge Bascom to do but to take his place among the spectators. . . .

Briefly, the world had drifted past him and his contemporaries and left them stranded. Under the circumstances, what was he to do? It is true he had a magnificent plantation, but this merely added to his poverty. Negro labor was demoralized, and the overseer class had practically disappeared. He would have sold a part of his landed estate; indeed, so pressing were his needs that he would have sold everything except the house which his father had built and where he himself was born,—that he would not have parted with for all the riches in the world—but there was nobody to buy. The Judge's neighbors and his friends, with the exception of those who had accustomed themselves to seizing all contingencies by the throat and wrestling tribute from them, were in as severe a strait as he was; and to make matters worse, the political

affairs of the State were in the most appalling condition. It was the period of reconstruction. Finally time brought a purchaser, and the old place became owned by a Northern stranger.

When Colonel Bascom and daughter walk round their loved home the following conversation occurs:

The old gentleman and the young lady walked slowly along the hedge of Cherokee roses that ran around the old Bascom Place, while the negro followed at a respectful distance. Once they pause, and the old gentleman rubbed his eyes with a hand that trembled a little.

"Why, darling!" he exclaimed in a tone of mingled grief and astonishment, "they have cut it down."

"Cut what down, father?"

"Why, the weeping-willow. Don't you remember it, daughter? It stood in the middle of the field yonder. It was a noble tree. Well, well, well! What next, I wonder?"

"I do not remember it, father; I have so much to——"

"Yes, yes," the old gentleman interrupted. "Of course you couldn't remember. The place has been changed so that I have forgotten it myself. It has been turned topsy-turvy—ruined—ruined!" He leaned on his cane, and with quivering lips and moist eyes looked through the green perspective of the park and over the fertile fields and meadows.

"Ruined!" exclaimed the young lady, "how can you say so, father? I never saw a more beautiful place. It would make a lovely picture."

"And they have changed the house, too. The whole roof has been changed." The old man pulled down his hat over his eyes, his hand trembling more than ever. "Let us turn back, Mildred," he said after a while. "The sight of all this frets and worries me more than I thought it would."

"They say," said the daughter, "that the gentleman who owns the place has made a good deal of money."

"Yes," replied the father, "I suppose so—I suppose so. So I have heard. A great many people are making money now who never made it before—a great many."

"I wish they would tell us the secret," said the young lady, laughing a little.

"There is no secret about it," said the old gentleman, "none whatever. To make money you must be mean and niggardly yourself and then employ others to be mean and niggardly for you."

"Oh, it is not always so, father," the young girl exclaimed.

"It was not always so, my daughter. There was a time when one could make money and remain a gentleman; but that was many years ago."

.

Once while the Judge and his daughter were passing by the old Bascom Place they met Prince, the mastiff, in the road. The great dog looked at the young lady with kindly eyes and expressed his approval by wagging his tail. At the gate he stopped and turned around, and seeing the fair lady and old gentleman were going by, he dropped his bulky body on the ground in a disconsolate way and watched them as they passed down the street.

The next afternoon Prince made it a point to watch for the young lady; and when she and her father appeared in sight he ran to meet them and cut up such unusual capers, barking and running around, that the master went down the avenue to see what the trouble was. Mr. Underwood (the new owner of the Bascom Place) took off his hat as Judge Bascom and his daughter drew near.

"This is Judge Bascom, I presume," he said. "My name is Underwood; I am glad to meet you."

"This is my daughter, Mr. Underwood," said the Judge, bowing with great dignity.

"My dog has paid you a great compliment, Miss Bascom," said Francis Underwood. "He makes few friends, and I have never before seen him sacrifice his dignity, through his enthusiasm."

"I feel highly flattered by his attentions," said Mildred, laughing. "I have read somewhere, or heard it said, that the instinct of a little child and a dog are unerring."

"I imagine," said the Judge, in his dignified way, "that instinct has little to do with the matter. I prefer to believe"—He paused a moment, looked at Underwood, and laid his hand on the young man's stalwart shoulder. "Did you know, sir," he went on, "that this place, all these lands, once belonged to me?" His dignity had vanished, his whole attitude changed. The pathos in his voice, which was suggested rather than expressed, swept away whatever astonishment Francis Underwood might have felt. The young man looked at the Judge's daughter and their eyes met. In that one glance, transitory though it was, he found his cue; in lustrous eyes, proud yet appealing, he read a history of trouble and sacrifice.

"Yes," Underwood replied, in a matter-of-fact way. "We still call it the Bascom Place, you know."

"I should think so!" exclaimed the Judge, bristling up a little; "I should think so! Pray what else could it be called?"

"Well, it might have been called Grassland, you know, or The Poplars, but somehow the old name seemed to suit it best. I like to think of it as the old Bascom Place. Won't you go in, sir, and look at the old house?"

The Judge turned his pale and wrinkled face toward his old home.

"No," he said, "not now. I thank you very much. I—somehow—no, sir, I cannot go now."

His hand shook as he raised it to his face, and his lips trembled as he spoke. "Let us go away, daughter," he said after a while. "We have walked far enough."

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MRS. VIRGINIA L. FRENCH

1830—1881

VIRGINIA SMITH (Mrs. Virginia L. French) had many advantages of birth and education. Born on the fair shores of Virginia, at the country seat of her maternal grandfather, Captain Thomas Parker, an officer in the Revolutionary War, educated in Pennsylvania and married in Tennessee, her life has been like herself, varied and cosmopolitan. She is, nevertheless, a true daughter of the Old Dominion; a fair representative of its gay grace, its cordial hospitality, its love of luxury, and its indomitable pride.

"The personal appearance of Mrs. French was highly prepossessing, and her manner so gifted with repose as to be unusually tranquilizing in its social influence. Possessed of a keen insight, she could see at a moment's glance the poetical in a scene or situation, and with her heart on fire with poetic zeal she made of her prose passages poetic jewels."

Mrs. French at an early age was left an orphan. At eighteen she had finished her education, and the same year went to Memphis, Tennessee, to teach

school. She was a successful teacher for several years, but gradually turned her attention to literary pursuits, occasionally contributing articles to the journals and magazines under the name of "L'Inconnue." In 1852 she became associate editor of "The Southern Ladies' Book," published in New Orleans.

She wrote under the *nom de plume* of "L'Inconnue," and her poem, "The Lost Louisiana," in quite a romantic way brought about a meeting with Mr. John H. French, whom she married in 1853. A newsboy in New Orleans selling a morning paper spoke of a late poem on "The Lost Louisiana," written in commemoration of a collision which had just occurred between the "Louisiana" and the "Belle of Clarksville," two Mississippi steamers. It so happened that Mr. French had been a passenger on the "Belle of Clarksville," and had lost much valuable cargo, barely escaping with his life. Interested thus in the disaster, he read the poem many times, and kept it carefully in his pocket-book. Not long after he took steamer passage up the Mississippi, and during the detention at Memphis he went into a bookstore to buy some reading matter to relieve the hours of travel up the river. His attention was arrested by seeing the name of "L'Inconnue" and was told to look at the writer, as she was just then passing the book shop. He gave one look into

the blue eyes that met his like the eyes of Fate. An introduction was effected, the steamer went on its way without Mr. French, and the result was marriage with the fair "L'Inconnue" and a long residence in McMinnville, Tennessee. Here Mrs. French's home, called "Forest Home," became noted for beautiful scenery, its comfort, its tasteful arrangement, and here this writer led a retired, studious, and happy life.

In 1856 Mrs. French published a collection of her poems under the title of "Wind Whispers." Her "Legends of the South" are finely imaginative and graphic. "Iztalilxo, the Lady of Tala," is a tragedy in five acts and contains passages of great beauty and force. Mrs. French's prose writings were instinct with poetical expression, and her review of Madame Le Vert's "Souvenirs of Travel" was copied into the best papers here and in Europe.

"The Legend of the Infernal Pass" was inspired by the story of the famous gorge some fifteen miles long, called "El Cañon Inferno," where rise stupendous masses of rock piled upon rock, until the traveler sees at the top but a narrow strip of sky. The white steed alluded to in the tradition is still said to be seen at intervals by the warriors of the Comanches. He is represented as of exceeding beauty and vigor, but of such swiftness that, notwithstanding the most daring efforts

to capture him, he has never been brought within range of the lariat.

His neigh to the wind rose wild and high,
 (Thou rider bold, take heed,)
With the stag's fleet foot he bounded by,
 That beautiful demon-steed!
But the glare of his eye the soul had shook,
 With its terrible human look!

The versatility of this gifted poet has caused her critics to take different views of her work. One says: "As a journalist she was par excellence." Another one says: "Poetry was her strong point," and for the poem "Shermanized" claims that: "Never sprang cooler and keener sarcasm from more tranquil lips. It is the flash of the 'yataghan' from a velvet sheath—the cold, clear gleam of the sword from a silver scabbard." Still another critic takes another view and says: "Mrs. French writes the best prose, with the strongest sense in it, of any Southern writer."

Among Mrs. French's poems are: "The Eloquence of Ruins," "Mammy," "Shermanized," "The Auctioneer," "The Broken Sentence." Her other works are: "Wind Whispers," "Legends of the South," "Iztalilxo," a Tragedy; and "My Roses, The Romance of a June Day."

She has written one poem which many regarded as unequalled in its line by any writer. It is a masterpiece of the highest type and deservedly ranks with the greatest efforts of American poets.

THE LEGEND OF THE LOST SOUL

Ha! what a frenzied cry
Up the lone forest-aisles comes sadly wailing,
Now quick and sharp, now choked with agony,
As sight and sense were failing.

The far stars coldly smiled
Down through the arches of the twilight wood,
Where sire and mother sought their child,
In the dark solitude.

And low the phantom wind
Came stealing o'er the hills with ghostly feet,
But paused not in its flight to bear one kind,
Soft echo, shrill and sweet.

O'er them the giant trees,
All proudly waving, tossed their arms on high,
Yet no loved baby-voice from 'midst of these
Answered their broken cry.

But one sad piping note,
That strangely syllabled a blended name,
As seemed its cadences to fall or float
From boughs above them came.

The mother started wild,
As that strange sound the forest foliage stirred,
Then hastened to the sire; she knew her child,
In that lone spirit-bird.

No word the father spake;
His face was ghastly, and its haggard lines
Lay stern and rigid, like some frozen lake
O'ershadowed by its pines.

Shuddering she strove to speak,
Once more in nature's strong appealing tones,
To supplicate her child—there came a shriek
That died in heavy moans.

The night came down; afar
Was heard the hoarse, deep baying of the storm,
And thunder clouds around each captive star
In black battalions form.

Now, all the mighty wood
Has voices like the sullen sounding sea,
While onward rolls the deep majestic flood
His surges solemnly.

The massy foliage rocks,
Slow swaying to the wind, and failing fast
Embattled oaks, that braved a thousand shocks,
Are bending to the blast.

And crimson tropic bloom
Lies heaped upon the sward, as though a wave
Of summer sunset streams within the gloom
Had found a verdant grave.

Down came the rushing rain,
But far, perchance, where thunders never roll,
The bird had flown, the parents called in vain,
Upon the wandering soul.

Then feeble 'mid the maze
Of 'wilderer storm, their feet the cabin sought,
Oft turning back to search, with blinded gaze,
For that which now was not.

True, true—the tale is old,
And full of sorrow the tradition hoary,
Yet, daily life's unwritten annals hold
A sterner, sadder story.

Oh! hear ye not the cry,
That every hour sends up where thick life presses,
That shrieks from lowest depths to God on high
From life's great wilderness?

It is the cry of Woman,
And hers the really lost and wandering soul,
Seeking, amid the godlike, yet the human,
To find her destined goal.

Like glacier of the North,
Her pure and shining spirit braves the sea
Of Life and Action, drifting, drifting forth
On waves of destiny.

“ Deep calling unto deep,”
How raves the ocean by the tempest tossed!
Perchance her onward course the soul may keep,
Perchance 'tis wrecked, or lost.

Perchance some other heart,
In pride of Being, standing firm and free,
May call, " Oh, seeker of the better part,
Come, wanderer, to me! "

Alas! that dulcet tone
Is but the hollow music of a shell
That mocks the ocean; yet, the pilgrim lone
It wins as by a spell.

The dream, the dream is past—
Perchance some careless word, some fancied wrong,
The soul is driven forth—Oh! woe the last,
The weaker by the strong.

From her closed lips a moan
Goes up—yet seems it her unspoken prayer
Falls back again upon her heart alone
To sink and perish there.

And then her spirit pants
Beneath the heat and burden of the day,
Still struggling on amid the vulture wants
That make her heart their prey.

Still, in its source of pain
Clinging most fondly; and, in holy trust,
Pouring its worship in a worse than vain
Idolatry of dust.

Like the great organ rocks
That rise on Orinoco's distant shore,
She sends rich music o'er the wave that mocks,
Yet answers her no more!

From the still firmament
A star drops, sparkles, and almost before
The eye can note, is gone—with chaos blent—,
Its brilliancy is o'er.

And thus with thee,—unknown,
Unrecognized, and lost in earthly clime,
Thy 'wildered soul may wander, and alone
Go from the shores of time.

Yet, far in yon blue dome,
Where dwell the spirits of the dead departed,
There thou art known; and they will welcome home
An angel,—broken-hearted.

Then courage, weary one!
Work while thou may'st,—for though thy spirit,
 riven,
Is fading like a fountain in the sun,
Exhaled, it reaches heaven!

GRACE ELIZABETH KING

1852—

STILL living in the old homestead in the city of New Orleans, where she was born, Grace King continues her literary work, which was begun many years ago. Her excellent stories are still being published in "The Century Magazine." She is the daughter of a prominent native Louisiana family.

Possibly her strongest work is entitled "Earthlings." In it are pictured with intense reality the possibilities of those who can be conscientiously called "Earthlings." It is a story full of fire and pathos from beginning to end. Indeed, as has been aptly said: "One closes the cover of the book with a heartfelt sigh that it is over, this dream through which you have been carried, so beautiful and yet so true."

It is probable that her greatest reputation has been achieved on what is known as her "Balcony Stories," for it is these that she devoted largely to pictures of Creole beauties. A passage taken from one of them will be sufficient to show how minutely she enters into detail, and yet with what

tact and ability she manages to hold the reader's interest, all the while showing all the follies and foibles, as well as the virtues, of the heroine.

LA GRANDE DEMOISELLE

That was what she was called by everybody as soon as she was seen or described. Her name, besides baptismal titles, was Idalie Sante Foy Mortemart des Islets. When she came into society, in the brilliant world of New Orleans, it was the event of the season, and after she came in, whatever she did became also events. Whether she went, or did not go; what she said, or did not say; what she wore, and did not wear, all these became important matters of discussion, quoted as much or more than what the President said, or the Governor thought, and in those days, the days of '59, New Orleans was not, as it is now, a one-heiress place, but it may be said that one could find heiresses then as one finds typewriting girls now.

Mademoiselle Idalie received her birth and what education she had on her parents' plantation, the famed old Reine Sainte Foy place, and it is no secret that, like the ancient Kings of France, her birth exceeded her education.

It was a plantation, the Reine Sainte Foy, the richness and luxury of which are really well described in those perfervid pictures of tropical life, at one time the passion of philanthropic imaginations, excited and exciting over the horrors of slavery. Although these pictures were then often accused of being purposely exaggerated, they seem now to fall short of, instead of surpassing the truth. Stately walls, acres of roses, miles of oranges, unmeasured fields of cane, colossal sugar house,—they were all there,

and all the rest of it with the slaves, slaves, slaves, everywhere, whole villages of negro cabins, and there were also,—most noticeable to the natural as well as the visionary eye—there were the ease, idleness, extravagance, self-indulgence, pomp, pride, arrogance, in short, the whole enumeration, the moral *sine qua non*, as some people considered it, of the wealthy slave-holder of aristocratic descent and estates.

What Mademoiselle Idalie cared to learn she studied, what she did not she ignored; and she followed the same simple rule untrammelled in her eating, drinking, dressing, and comportment generally; and whatever discipline may have been exercised on the place, either in fact or fiction, most assuredly none of it, even so much as in a threat, ever attained her sacred person. When she was just turned sixteen Mademoiselle Idalie made up her mind to go into society. Whether she was beautiful or not, it is hard to say. It is almost impossible to appreciate properly the beauty of the rich, the very rich. The unfettered development, the limitless choice of accessories, the confidence, the self-esteem, the sureness of expression, the simplicity of purpose, the ease of execution, all these produce a certain effect of beauty behind which one really cannot get to be sure of the length of the nose, or brilliancy of the eye. This much can be said: there was nothing in her that positively contradicted any assumption of beauty on her part, or credit of it on the part of others. She was very tall and very thin, with a small head, long neck, black eyes, and abundant straight black hair,—for which her hair dresser deserved more praise than she,—good teeth, of course, and a mouth that, even in prayer, talked nothing but commands; that is about all she had *enfait*

d'ornements, as the modistes say. It may be added that she walked as if the Reine Sainte Foy plantation extended over the whole earth, and the soil of it were too vile for her tread.

Other books by this author are:

"Monsieur Motte," "Tales of Time and Place," "The Place and the People," "Jean Baptiste Lemoine, Founder of New Orleans"; "De Soto and His Men in the Land of Florida."

FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR

1822—1874

THIS writer was a physician by profession, and wrote poetry only when the spirit moved. His birthplace was in Baldwin County, near Columbus, Georgia.

In the introductory remarks by Paul Hamilton Hayne for the edition of Dr. Ticknor's volume of poetry, published in 1879, he says of Ticknor: "He combined in his mental and moral constitution many of the best qualities of the North and South. His father was a New Jerseyman, a physician of great energy, who married into a distinguished family of Savannah, and settled in that city. This father dying early in life left his widow with three small children to support. She removed to Columbus, in Georgia, and succeeded in giving her sons excellent educations. Frank Ticknor studied medicine in New York and Philadelphia, and soon after graduation married Miss Rosalie Nelson, daughter of Major F. M. Nelson, a distinguished soldier of the war of 1812, and later a prominent member of Congress. A few years afterwards Dr. Frank O. Ticknor purchased

a farm not far from Columbus, situated on the summit of a high hill, and celebrated by tradition as the scene where a desperate Indian battle had been fought by torch-light. For this reason the place was called 'Torch Hill.' The new home was beautifully situated, overlooking for miles the Chattahoochee River. Here in this beautiful place Dr. Ticknor lived for nearly a quarter of a century, and he surrounded the home with fruits and flowers till it was called 'a perfect Eden of Roses.' "

"Art opened to his soul," says Hayne, "not one alone, but several of her fairest domains. He was a gifted musician, playing exquisitely on the flute, and was a draughtsman of readiest skill and taste. No more experienced doctor or successful scientist could be found in the country, the scene of his labors. Everybody loved him, especially the suffering poor. Far and wide, among the 'Sand Barrens,' or in the neighboring farm houses, the good and wise physician was known and welcomed. His gleeful smile, his spontaneous witticisms (for his mind actually bubbled over with innocent humors) cheered up many a despondent invalid."

Again, Paul Hamilton Hayne says of Ticknor's work: "Brief swallow flights of song only were possible to a man whose days and nights were so occupied."

When the great Civil War began, Ticknor had

just reached the verge of middle age. His intellectual forces were in their fullest bloom; and so it is not surprising that many of his ablest songs belong to this period.

"One lyric, associated with the war," Hayne says, "must appeal to many thousands still living with a pathos not to be resisted is 'Unknown.'"

The prints of feet are worn away,
No more the mourners come;
The voice of wail is mute to-day
As his whose life is dumb.

The world is bright with other bloom;
Shall the sweet summer shed
Its 'living radiance o'er the tomb
That shrouds the doubly dead?

Unknown! Beneath our Father's face
The starlit hillocks lie;
Another rosebud! lest His grace
Forget us when we die!

Dr. Ticknor's poems have had countless admirers among those who have never heard of Dr. Ticknor himself, and the verses are often treasured, either in memory or in scrap-books, simply as anonymous gems which have come from some unknown author. "Frequently his poems have been copied into newspapers and periodicals without any credit marks whatever, and often public speakers,

in appropriate connections, have quoted favorite lines and stanzas from his splendid lyrics without being able to tell who wrote them. To cite an illustration, no poem is more frequently quoted or more warmly admired for its rhythmic beauty and exquisite sentiment than 'The Virginians of the Valley,' and yet not one person out of ten knows that the poem is from the pen of Dr. Ticknor."

When General Spotswood and his band of followers rode over the mountains of the Blue Ridge and opened the beautiful valley beyond to the settlement of the white man, the horses of the company had to be shod for the first time after leaving the soft soil of the coast. Upon returning from this expedition, which was considered quite a brave one, the House of Burgesses presented these men small golden horseshoes. Those receiving this honor were considered as knighted, and in this poem of "Virginians of the Valley," the poet refers to these "Golden Horseshoe Knights."

This favorite gem was inspired by the gallantry of the Virginia soldiers who participated with Stonewall Jackson in the valley campaigns.

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY

The knightliest of the knightly race

That, since the days of old,

Have kept the lamp of chivalry

Alight in hearts of gold;

The kindest of the kindly band
That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas;

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose!
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept!—the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,—
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires;
But, aye, the “Golden Horseshoe Knights”
Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground
But not a knight asleep!”

This poet wrote under the inspiration of other sentiments than those of chivalry, as is shown by such poems as “Home.”

Bless that dear old Anglo-Saxon
For the sounds he formed so well;
Little word, the nectar-waxen
Harvest of a honey cell,

Sealing all a summer's sweetness
In a single syllable!
For, of all his quaint word-building,
The queen-cell of all the comb
Is that grand old Saxon mouthful,
Dear old Saxon heart-ful Home.

Another poem whose admirers are found on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line, which has often been read with tearful emotions by the veterans of the blue, as well as of the gray, is "Little Giffen of Tennessee." This poem competent critics have pronounced one of the finest productions of the war period of American literature.

Dr. Ticknor's poems of the Civil War were the most popular of any written, largely because of their beauty and pathos, and absence of bitterness, for they appeal to the human heart. "With a heart as broad as humanity itself, and a poetic ability surpassed by few, Francis Orrery Ticknor has left one poem, a monument that will last when monuments of stone and clay have passed away and been forgotten. 'Little Giffen' is a masterpiece of pathos. Its perusal always touches the heart of the sympathetic reader. Its historical value is great, too, because it pictures so typically the condition of the South, and its fighting heroes—so many of whom were boys."

The story of "Little Giffen of Tennessee" was a true one. Isaac Giffen went into the Southern army a mere boy; he was terribly wounded and taken to the hospital at Columbus, Georgia. Here good Dr. Ticknor found him and took him to his own home, where Mrs. Ticknor's careful nursing and the Doctor's medical skill saved him from death. The boy was the son of a blacksmith and had received no education. During convalescence he learned to read and write. He was anxious to return to the army, and was killed in some battle around Atlanta.

Maurice Thompson says: "If there is a finer lyric than this in the whole realm of poetry, I should be glad to read it."

LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle and *he* sixteen!)
Spectre, such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeon said;
"Little the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet in our summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,—
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death!
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's respite
The cripple skeleton learned to write.
"Dear mother" at first, of course, and then,
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day,
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear—his first—as he bade good-bye,—
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight,
But none of Giffen—he did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

Referring to this poem Hayne says: "The opening stanza is a bold swell of music, something

clarion like. The identical rhyme of the last couplet, of the first verse, one loses sight of in the exceeding terseness of the language, the outright vigor of the rhetorical stroke. Most poets dally with their conceptions. But this one seizes his idea at once, thrusts it into position of strong relief, fastens it there, and is done. Technically speaking, his style is dynamic."

Of the whole poem he says: "Here there is no straining after effect, no floundering to get up a foam; but that sturdy art which is the spirit of a genuine popular ballad."

Of another poem, "Loyal," Hayne says: "It is an absolutely perfect ballad. Was ever the historical incident it commemorates more feelingly and vividly described?"

Some of Ticknor's war poems in addition to those previously mentioned are as follows: "The Sword of Raphael Semmes," "Loyal," "Albert Sidney Johnston," "Virginia," "Georgia and Lee." Among other poems are "Lady Alice," "Rosalie," and "Mary." His poems were collected and published by Miss Kate Mason Roland, of Richmond, in 1879.

ELISABETH WHITFIELD BELLAMY

1838—1900

MRS. BELLAMY belonged to the Croon family of North Carolina, and before the war she married her cousin, Dr. Charles Bellamy. She was educated in Philadelphia at Pelham Priory, was a fine musician and linguist and a most excellent English scholar. She lost husband and children in the Civil War and was compelled to write for a living. She wrote for "Appleton's Magazine" and was a contributor of short stories for "The Cycle," published in Mobile. She also gave private lessons in English and other languages. Amelie Rives, the novelist, was one of her pupils. Mrs. Bellamy first wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Kamba Thorpe." Among her works are "Four Oaks," "Little Johanna," and a dialect story, "Old Man Gilbert."

OLD MAN GILBERT

Colonel Thorpe was in his office, as a separate small building was called in which he transacted all kinds of business. Apparently he was unoccupied when old Gilbert entered, for he sat in his leather-covered armchair

stroking his beard and staring at the fire. But he thrust aside his musings when he heard old Gilbert's familiar salutation, and said with an effort at gayety:

"Well, old man, what foolishness are you up to now?"

"Hit's business, Mawster, if you please, suh, dis time," old Gilbert made answer, twirling his hat, by way of relief to his embarrassment. "Ise been studyin' on a trade ef you'd gib yo' cawnsent, suh."

"Well?"

"Dot ole white mule, Zip, suh. I wuz studyin' det you mought be minded to tak sixty dollars fur him, he is a old mule."

"What! have you saved up sixty dollars?" exclaimed the Colonel. "And you want to buy old Zip and then feed him on my corn and fodder, eh?"

"You wouldn't miss what he'd eat, suh, nur nary nuther mule," old Gilbert said, deprecatingly, unconscious of the comparison he had made, but which the Colonel perceived and smiled at grimly.

"I don't see what you want with the mule!" he said. "Old Brandy and the ox-cart about belong to you now."

"Ole Brandy an' de yox-cart ain't so servisable fur plowin'," Gilbert explained.

"I don't want your money," said the Colonel shortly. "You can take the mule any time you may need him," the Colonel added, and he repeated: "I don't want your money."

"Tankee, tankee, Mawster, tankee, suh," old Gilbert responded, but there was disappointment in his tone. He lingered an instant, as if he meant to say more, then turned and went his shambling way out of the office. When he had gone down the steps he looked back to say:

"Ain't I heard you tell de oberseer that Zip is wuth 'bout sixty dollars?"

"I suppose he may be worth about that," the Colonel answered absently.

It wanted now but a few days of Christmas, which the Colonel desired to celebrate just as usual. The turkeys long had been fattening, the beef was killed, the bonfires piled ready for lighting. If his son Nicolas's absence was felt, no one alluded to it.

On Christmas morning the Hill resounded with popping of fire crackers, the shooting of Christmas guns, and repeated shouts in every variety of tone. "Christmas gif', Mawster; Christmas gif', Missie Virey, Christmas gif', Missie."

In the afternoon of the second day Glory Ann took occasion to ask:

"Missie Virey, is you sont ole man Gilbert off any whey."

"Where should I be sending him?" said Miss Elvira.

"Dun-no me," Glory Ann answered with mystery. "Maybe hit's Mawster is sont 'im."

Old Gilbert had been absent since the morning after Christmas. His cabin was locked, and there was no smoke in his chimney.

When the matter was investigated farther, it was found that the old white mule, Zip, was missing likewise. The Colonel received this information with a stare at first, and then burst out laughing, though no one knew why he laughed.

The Colonel going into his office one morning was sur-

prised to find on his table an uncouth package wrapped in a piece of cloth, and tied with a length of twine multitudinously knotted. When this was opened, there revealed a quantity of coin to the amount of sixty dollars! The Colonel's stern features relaxed into a pathetic smile. This was the price of the old white mule, but how it came there on his table was a problem he made no attempt to solve. Carefully he tied the money up again, and locked it away in a drawer of his big mahogany secretary against a day of reckoning, a day more distant than he dreamed.

Farther on in this beautiful plantation story we learn that old Gilbert, with noble purpose, had stolen away on old Zip, and that after much effort and many dangers the faithful slave, with that wonderful devotion, the offspring of slavery, had found and brought back to the plantation the lost and erring boy—and that the Colonel was most deeply touched by this devotion, and still could not suppress a tender smile as he handed back to old Gilbert his sixty dollars carefully tied up in the same piece of cotton cloth.

The following beautiful description is from "Four Oaks":

There is an old tomb in the garden where Anthony Fletcher lies buried, but his name is otherwise perpetuated in Netherford by the great bell of St. Botolf's, which was his gift. The sexton of St. Botolf's was once gardener of Four Oaks, and from him the bell received the name of

Lonely Tony, a quaint tribute to its old master. Superstition had infested Four Oaks with ghostly terrors, and the children of Netherford have a fancy that Lonely Tony is a prisoner in the church tower, living on the pigeons that build in the belfry, and suffering untold torture at the hands of the sexton. Fanning avenue begins at the corner where stands the church, and leads between over-arching trees to a stately edifice fronting the south. Here in days gone by lived Jacob Fanning. He it was who planted the trees which shade the avenue, and he it was who raised the sidewalk of his avenue in imitation of the terraces on the main way.

JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON

1823—1873

JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON was born in Richmond October 23, 1823, and died in New York April 30, 1873, and was buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond. After a course of training in his native city, and another at a preparatory school in East Haven, Conn., he entered the academic department of the University of Virginia, graduating in its law school in 1844. So decided was his leaning toward letters that even during his two years' practice of law he contributed both prose and verse to Northern and Southern periodicals, and in 1847 closed with an offer of the editorship of "The Southern Literary Messenger," a journal published in Richmond, and the South to-day owes a debt of gratitude to John R. Thompson. Nor is the North free of some indebtedness, for "The Reveries of a Bachelor" first appeared in the pages of the "Messenger." Many of the poems of Poe and his "Critical Essays" were published here, and Park Benjamin, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Osgood, J. M. Legare, R. H. Stoddard, Paul H. Hayne, Margaret Junkin

Preston, Lieutenant Maury and many other excellent writers contributed to this old Southern magazine.

In 1854 Thompson made his first trip abroad, expanding his own mind by contact with the master minds of England, and forming what proved to be lasting friendships with Dickens, Bulwer, Macaulay, the Brownings, Thackeray, Tennyson and Carlyle. A series of sketches of foreign travel that gave new zest to the pages of the "Messenger" was one of the outcomes of this sojourn.

These sketches, with revisions and additions, were collected in a volume entitled "Across the Atlantic." It had been consigned to the binders in the publishing house of Derby & Jackson, New York, when the building took fire and the edition was destroyed.

Upon his return to America, resuming control of the "Messenger," Thompson contributed to Northern magazines, recited original poems before literary societies and delivered a series of lectures in the principal cities of the South, notable among which lectures were those upon "European Journalism" and the "Life and Genius of Poe."

In 1860 he resigned his position upon the "Messenger" to accept the more remunerative one of editor of the "Southern Field and Fireside," published in Augusta, Georgia.

A year later the war recalled him to Virginia,

and debarred by a constitutional malady from enlisting in her defense, his loyalty expressed itself writing patriotic verse, and in prose works. He wrote unremittingly for the daily and weekly press, his patriotism inspiring those poems, "Coercion," "On to Richmond," "England's Neutrality," "A Word to the West," "Ashby," "The Burial of Latane," and the "Death of Stuart," praise of which echoed across the Atlantic.

Meanwhile his fatal disease made rapid progress, and in 1864, when he went to England for his health, he was carried in the arms of friends on board the blockade runner which conveyed him. It was feared that he might not live to reach his destination, but the sea air revived him, and he improved sufficiently to take a position on the editorial staff of "The Index," the official organ of the Confederacy in London. He also sent weekly letters to the "Louisville Courier-Journal," and wrote leaders every week for the "London Standard," a connection with which, as its American correspondent, he maintained until his death.

He contributed, too, to the "New Orleans Picayune" and "Crescent." He made flying trips to Scotland even after the fall of the Confederacy, which ended for the time his regular newspaper connections, but he continued eighteen months in London, preparing for "Blackwood's," from Von Borcke's notes, an account of that officer's experi-

ence as chief of the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Upon his return to America, in 1866, he settled in New York, where he was briefly associated with William Young, formerly editor of the "Albion," in the publication of "Every Afternoon."

While Thompson published no books, yet his writings were widely known and exerted great influence on the literature of the South. Few poems have been more widely read since the Civil War than:

"MUSIC IN CAMP"

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battles' recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure,
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down,
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up, with flute and horn,
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
With movement light and tricky,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the "Rebels."

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew,
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming "Boys in Blue"
Defiance to the "Rebels."

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the "Yankees" stood,
And silent stood the "Rebels."

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue, or Gray, the soldier sees
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold, or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest "Yankee's" heart,
Made light the "Rebel's" slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines,
That bright celestial creature,
Who still, 'mid war's embattled lines,
Gave this one touch of Nature.

CATHERINE ANNA WARFIELD

1816—1887

THIS gifted lady was the daughter of Major Nathaniel A. Ware of Natchez, at one time Secretary of State of Mississippi. His wife was granddaughter of Captain Charles Percy, of the British Navy, who settled finally on a grant of land conferred upon him. His estate lay near Fort Adams. He was widely known and left valuable possessions to his family.

After his marriage Major Ware resided at their country seat near Natchez. They had two children, the elder, Catherine, being born in 1816. In order the better to conduct the education of his children Major Ware, after the death of his wife, sold his plantation and moved to Philadelphia. Constant companionship with her father, a man of trained intellect, developed in Catherine poetic fancy and turned her mind into the channel of authorship.

Early in life she married Elisha Warfield of Lexington, Kentucky, a gentleman of fine family. In 1857 they moved to a country home near Louisville, Kentucky. About her earliest attempt at

authorship was a book written by herself and sister, called "The Wife of Leon and Other Stories." In 1846 they published a new collection of pieces entitled "The Indian Chamber and Other Poems." Both these books show strong powers in embryo, and one sees progress soon in depth, range and construction.

Later, as the years passed, the younger sister died and Mrs. Warfield pursued her literary work alone. A number of poems, "The Romance of Beauseincourt," and several other novels came from her pen, one among the most noted being "The Household of Bouverie." "It was considered a novel great in conception and masterly in execution. The story is bold, sharp, live, magnetic. Several scenes in the mysterious chamber, the interviews between Lilian and Erastus Bouverie, with their pungent pre-Raphaelite details, are pictures which, having once burned their way into the brain, can never be forgotten. The quaintness and originality remind one of Hawthorne."

THE HOUSE OF BOUVERIE

My grandfather's spacious bedroom, ending in a half-octagon, formed a central projection from the rear of the building. Three doors opened into this apartment from the sides that joined the house, and presented a stiff array, separated as they were by wide panels lined

with windows. The central door opened with leaves into a square or, rather, oblong hall; the others, narrowed, and of simpler construction, gave into three rooms, evidently partitioned from the hall for convenience rather than symmetry, since the effect to the eye must have been far more liberal when the passage swept across the house, as I knew afterward it had originally done. One of these chambers, some twelve feet square only, yet lofty and well-ventilated, had been fitted up for me with a care and taste that left nothing to regret, even when I compared it with the comfort and luxury of my former home. That which I supposed to correspond with it on the other side was kept strictly locked; and at first I conceived it to be my grandmother's oratory—recalling that of the mistress of Taunton Tower—or study, perhaps, where books and paintings, sacred to her eye alone, were cautiously concealed, as I had heard was the custom among the authors and artists of the world.

But my grandmother, I soon discovered, was neither the one nor the other; and when I found how simple and even homely were the details of her everyday life, I descended from my pedestal of fancy, and determined that this "Blue-Beard chamber," so mysterious and inaccessible to me, was nothing more than a shy woman's dressing room. A deep reticence of nature seemed to underlie, in a very remarkable degree, the sparkling cordiality of my grandmother's manner. You stumbled on this constitutional or habitual reserve, accidentally sometimes, as you might do on a stone hid in a bed of flowers, and with something of the same sharp, sudden anguish; but I am digressing to speak of this now. I wish to give at once, for reasons that will be plainer hereafter, as correct an

idea as I know how to convey by words of the construction of the house of Bouverie.

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I understood later how it was that after her husband's death—one of violence and horror, it was whispered—my grandmother had cut off all communication with those upper rooms which he had chiefly inhabited, associated in her mind as they were with bloodshed and self-slaughter, and how, as the dark legend crept stealthily around, that night after night he might still be heard walking their floors, and had even been seen descending the spiral stairs that linked one circular hall with the other, while the moon shone down through the great skylight, revealing to the startled watchers his ghastly lineaments and spectral form—she had in the desperation of her fear and agony, sealed up forever those haunted and accursed chambers. For this purpose the stairway had been removed, and the space between the two halls floored and sealed. This was done with an expedition that made food for conjecture in the neighborhood, having its origin, doubtless, in the almost frenzied terror of her own sensations, that caused her to spare neither expense nor urgency to have her alterations executed with dispatch. The workmen who performed the task were summoned from a distant town, and spoke a foreign tongue. They came and went like shadows; and in this manner she evaded, as much as possible, the neighborhood gossip and espionage which must otherwise have so annoyed her in her crushed condition. For, at the time all this was done, my grandfather's fearful death was recent; and the same artisans who removed the staircase, sealed away from sight and access those abhorred upper apartments, placed the sim-

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ple marble obelisk which bore his name above his grave in the cedar grove. "Not one article was touched or brought away, Miss Lilian, that ever belonged to him," added my informant in low, whispered tones, the old, demure, yet gossiping woman who assisted at my toilet, and who had lived with my grandmother and cared for her ever since her birth;—"not one article, lest a curse might cleave to it and fall on us; and still he may be heard at times—don't be frightened, Miss Lilian!—walking, walking, the livelong night, the livelong day even, as though no rest were granted him, in the other world, who took no rest in this."

I had hidden my face on Dame Bianca's arm as she proceeded in her vague narration, thrilled by a momentary terror. Now I looked up and was annoyed by the expression of her countenance, as my sudden glance fell on it.

"She is trying to fool me," I thought, "with this ghost story, and to make a coward of me, but I know there is nothing of the kind." And nerved by this sudden conviction, I proceeded to question her with more coolness and sagacity than she could have expected from one evidently so impressed with her narration a moment before.

"What made my grandfather so restless, Dame Bianca?" I asked. "Was he unhappy and wicked, or only busy?"

"Ah, child! all—wretched enough, I daresay, when he stopped to think of his misdeeds, and always busy as any working-bee in summer time. Busy with hand and brain, with pen and sword, with drug and pistol, reading and thinking, plotting and contriving, and trampling

over every one that stood in his way without mercy or fear."

It was on the day after my arrival that, sitting at the supper table, during a long pause in the conversation, while my grandmother was especially engaged with her coffee-urn, I was shaken by one of those unreasonable fits of laughter common to excitable children.

"What amuses you, Lilian?" asked Dr. Quintil. "Come, give us your merry thought, and we will pluck it together."

"Oh, Dr. Quintil, I was thinking how funny it was—and I never thought of it till this minute, which makes it funnier still—that my Uncle Jasper has never spoken one word to me since I came to Bouverie! Not one word, Mr. Jasper, have you said to your niece since she came to live with you, either for good or bad," and I shook my finger playfully at him across the table.

He gazed at me a moment earnestly, and then suffered his forehead to droop into his hands. Had I offended him? I looked anxiously at Dr. Quintil; he, too, was pale and grave, and averted his eyes from mine. My grandmother alone retained her self-possession.

"My child," she said, "in this house above all others, learn to be discreet. It is our misfortune to be an afflicted household—*Jasper has never spoken.*"

I dropped the untasted food, and, in a passion of grief and mortification, I slid from the table, and lay with my face on the floor. I was raised by kindly hands. Jasper held me in his arms.

"Oh, what have I done!" I said. "I did not know—"

indeed I did not know—that one might hear and still be dumb. Poor Uncle Jasper! Can you forgive me? ”

Words never spoke as his eyes spoke to me then. I have since believed that in the spirit world there will be no need of speech, but that light, shining from each heavenly visage, shall reveal whatever the immortal essence seeks to communicate, and words be put away with other bonds of the flesh. He held me to his bosom long, for my feelings, when once vividly aroused, were not easily consoled to quiet again; and they told me that on that home of peace I sobbed myself to rest.

Jasper—my Jasper—from that hour I loved thee as entirely as I shall do when we meet at the feet of God!

IRWIN RUSSELL

1853—1879

THIS poet was born in Port Gibson, Mississippi, and was among the first of Southern writers to recognize the possibilities of negro dialect and character in poetry and fiction, and to picture in poetry the unique relation between the Southern slave and his master.

It is not surprising that there is very little general knowledge of this gifted man, for he passed away quickly, after a brief struggle with life, leaving only one collection of poems, which was published after his death.

Irwin Russell's grandfather was a Virginian, but moved West to Ohio, in which State the father of Irwin was born and lived. He married a New York lady, and then going South, settled in Port Gibson, where Irwin and two other children were born. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Russell's father cast his lot with the Confederacy, and after the war ended the son Irwin was sent to the St. Louis University in St. Louis, a school conducted by Jesuit Fathers. Here he became a diligent student, and his young friends called him a "walking

encyclopedia." He also gave evidence of fine mathematical powers.

After graduation he returned to Mississippi, studied and practiced law. He was in Port Gibson during the yellow fever epidemic, in 1878, and he remained through the whole dreadful tragedy of sickness, and served as a devoted nurse. He never fully rallied from the fearful strain and the harrowing scenes through which he passed, "for he was," says W. M. Baskerville, "that rare union of bright mind with frail body, through which the keenest appreciation and most exquisite sensibility are developed."

His father, Dr. William Russell, who had also remained in Port Gibson during the scourge, staying nobly at his post of duty, sank under the labor and died. This left young Russell entirely dependent upon himself.

Joel Chandler Harris says: "Russell always had warm personal friends from whom he could command everything that affection could suggest."

Going to New York, Irwin Russell took some literary matter to the publishing house of Charles Scribner & Sons, who received him with great personal kindness.

He became very ill with fever in New York, and before he was entirely recovered he worked his passage on a boat back to New Orleans, where he landed almost without money. He applied for

work at "The Times" office of that city, obtained employment, and later became connected with the paper.

For one so young, Russell gave remarkable evidence of training in the best of literature. He was capable of hard, painstaking study, and his insight into the peculiarities, pathos, and poetry in the negro character was truly wonderful.

Thomas Nelson Page says of him: "Personally I owe him much. It was the light of his genius shining through his dialect poems that led my feet in the direction I have since tried to follow," and Dr. C. A. Smith says: "The appearance of 'Christmas Night in the Quarters' meant that Southern literature has now become a true reproduction of Southern conditions."

Joel Chandler Harris says: "Irwin Russell's negro character studies rise to the level of what in a large way we term literature. I do not know where there could be a more perfect representation of negro character. His operetta 'Christmas in the Quarters' is inimitable."

Beginning with the arrival of the negroes who come to "Uncle Johnny Booker's Ball" the poem, "Christmas Night in the Quarters," says:

That through the din one hardly hears
Old fiddling 'Josey sound his A,
Correct the pitch, begin to play,

Then the dance commences.

" Git yo' pardners, fust kwatillion;
Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;
Tune is, ' Oh, that water-million;
Gwine to git to home bime-by.' "

As daylight approaches, the tired dancers call for a song from old Booker, who with his banjo sings the legend of the origin of that instrument. Repeating the story of the Ark, Uncle Booker says: " Ham got lonesome,"

An' so fur amuse he-self, he steamed some wood an' bent
it,
An' soon he had a banjo made, de fust that was invented.
He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,
'Twas " Neber min' the wedder ";
She seem like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin', some to dancin', Noah called the
figgers;
An' Ham he sot and knocked de tune,
De happiest ob niggers.

Russell declared the pathos and humor in the character of the real old-fashioned negro of the South afforded an inexhaustible amount of material for both prose and poetry.

Like Sidney Lanier, Russell was passionately fond of music and became a remarkably skilful performer on the banjo.

Irwin Russell died at the early age of twenty-

six. Suffering and sorrow and poverty were his till the last. The brief struggle ended in New Orleans, and the beautiful contributions to Southern dialect poetry remain *our* heritage. Works: "Dialect Poems."

Irwin Russell himself tells why he could so faithfully reproduce the life and feelings of the negro in the following quotation:

You couldn't talk so natchel
'Bout de niggers' sorrows an' joys
Widouten you'd had a black mammy
To sing to you long is youse a boy.

Regarding the merits of Irwin Russell's verses one critic says: "It seems to me that his poems are to negro dialect what Gottschalk's music is to negro melody. They have all a swinging gait, and you can hear the rhythmical pattering of the feet, and see the swaying of the darky figures in the 'walk-round' as you read:

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS

Git yo' pardners, fust kwatillion!
Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;
Tune is, "Oh, dat water-million!
Gwine to git to home bime-bye."
S'lute yo' pardners!—scrape perlately—
Don't be bumpin' 'gin de res'—

Balance all! now, step out rightly;
Alluz dance yo' lebbel bes'.
Fo'wa'd foah! Whoop up, niggers!
Back ag'in!—don't be so slow!—
Swing cornahs!—min' de figgers!
When I hollers, den yo' go.
Top ladies cross ober!

Hands around—hol' up yo' faces;
Don't be lookin' at yo' feet!
Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!
Dat's de way—dat's hard to beat.
Sides fo'wa'd!—when you's ready—
Make a bow as low's you kin!
Swing acrost wid opp'site lady!
Now we'll let you swap ag'in:
Ladies change!—shet up dat talkin';
Do yo' talkin' arter while!
Right an' lef'!—don't want no walkin'—
Make yo' steps, an' show yo' style!

BLIND NED

Who is dat ar a-playin'? Shucks! I wish I wuzn't blin';
But when de Lord he tuk my eyes, he lef' my yeahs be-
hin'.
Is dat you, Mahsr Bob? I t'ought I rec'nized your
bowin';
I said I knowed 'twas you, soon's I heered de fiddle goin'.

Sho! dat ain't right! Jes' le' me show you how to play
dat tune;

I feel like I could make de fiddle talk dis arternoon.
Now don't you see that counter's jes' a leetle bit too high?
Well, nebber min', I guess you'll learn to tune her by
an' by.

You's jes' like all musicianers dat learns to play by note;
You ain't got music in you, so you has to hab it wrote.
Now dat ain't science—why de debbil don't you play by
yeah?
For dat's de onlies' kin' ob music fittin' fur to heah.

Do you suppose, when David wuz a-pickin' on de harp,
He ebber knowed de difference atwixt a flat an' a sharp?
But any tune you called for, he could pick it all de same,
For David knowed de music, dough he didn't know de
name.

Now what shall I begin on? Somefin' lively, fas', and
quick?
Well, sah, jes' pay attention, an' I'll gib you "Cap'n
Dick."
Yah! yah! young mahsr, don't you feel jes' like you want
to pat?
You'll hab to practice fur a while afore you ekals dat!

Dere ain't nobody 'roun' dis place kin play wid Uncle
Ned;
Dey isn't got it in deir fingers, neider in deir head;
Dat fiddler Bill dey talks about—I heered him play a
piece,
An' I declar' it sounded like a fox among de geese.

A violeen is like an 'ooman, mighty hard to guide,
An' mighty hard to keep in order after once it's buyed.
Dere's alluz somefin' 'bout it out ob kelter, more or less,
An' 'tain't de fancies'-lookin' ones dat alluz does de bes'.

Dis ye's a splendid inst'ument—I 'spec' it cost a heap;
You r'al'y ought to let me hab dis fiddle fur to keep.
It ain't no use to you, sah; fur, widout it's in de man,
He cain't git music out de fines' fiddle in de lan'.

Well, good-bye, Mahsr Bob, sah; when you's nuffin else
to do,
Jes' sen' fur dis ol' darky, an' he'll come an' play fur you;
An' don't gib up your practicin'—you's only sebenteen,
An' maybe when you's ol' as me you'll play the violeen

*By permission of Miss Mary Russell and Century Co.,
New York.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE

1844—

THE "Land of the Creole" is the name sometimes given to lower Louisiana, and here in the cosmopolitan city of New Orleans was born the subject of this sketch. On his father's side he is descended from an old colonial family of Virginia, the Cabells. The name was originally spelled Cable, and their coat-of-arms introduces the cable upon its design.

Cable's maternal ancestors were from New England. His parents were married in Indiana, and came to New Orleans to live. The father died in 1859, leaving the family in very straitened circumstances. George W. Cable, then only fourteen years old, had to leave school just as he was about to graduate, in order to accept a clerkship which would enable him to support the family.

At the beginning of the Civil War Cable entered the army, although only a youth, serving in Colonel Wilburn's Fourth Mississippi Cavalry of General Wirt Adams' brigade. Army comrades speak of the young volunteer as being a good soldier, scrupulously observant of discipline, always

at his post of duty, and courageous and daring. In one engagement he received a serious wound in the left arm, and narrowly escaped being killed. The close of the war found him without a dollar, and he began work in New Orleans as an errand boy, and then was promoted to a clerkship. Through all this arduous and uncongenial labor, Cable was untiring in effort to acquire an education. He began his first literary work writing for the "New Orleans Picayune," over the name of "Drop Shot," and after a time he became one of the editorial staff of this fine old paper. From religious scruples he refused to report entertainments, thereby losing his position, but he soon obtained a situation as accountant with a firm of cotton factors. Mr. Cable jotted down, while at his desk, busy with invoices and figures, every incident and conceit that came with his intercourse among men of all classes, and from stray bits of Creole life; thus developing his rare talent for insight into human character and motive. About this time he wrote "The Belles Damoiselle Plantation," "Tite Polite," "Jean ah Poquelin," "Café des Exiles," and "Madame Delicieuse." These early stories made a revelation of two facts—that there was a wonderful and new field of romance in Creole life and dialect, and that Cable could tell a story well.

"In 'Madame Delphine,' which was published

in 1881, we see a perfect specimen of this writer's art in literary construction. The narrative is handled so skilfully that the reader is unaware of its utter impossibility."

"Dr. Sevier" is a beautiful story of great literary merit, with the added grace of simplicity. In the experiences of John Richling it has been said that Mr. Cable, in some measure, gave his own history. There was this difference between the writer and his hero, John Richling: the former made a success of whatever he attempted, while in the story, poor Richling was a failure. The writer who could describe Ristofalo with his happy disregard of trouble, Narcisse, "dear, delicious, abominable Narcisse," and Mary, bright, brave and loving, and Dr. Sevier, the physician, noble, generous and capable, yet tender as a woman, was certainly a master in the realms of fiction.

Some of Mr. Cable's later works have received much criticism from the South, but the beauty of his other writings remains untarnished. He now lives near Northampton, Massachusetts. Here he indulges his tastes for birds, flowers and trees. Tree culture is one of his hobbies, and with quaint idea he has trees planted by well-known friends and guests and named after them, for instance: The Beecher Elm; the Max O'Rell Ash; the Conan Doyle Maple.

His best known works are: "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," "The Creoles of Louisiana," "Dr. Sevier," "The Silent South," "Bonaventure," "The Negro Question," "Strange True Stories of Louisiana," "John March, Southerner," "Strong Hearts," "The Cavalier," "Bylow Hill."

Henrietta Christian Wright says: "'The Grandissimes' made Cable famous, although it elicited much adverse criticism from readers who denied its truthfulness as a picture of old Creole days, yet it must be considered one of the best works of fiction in the South. It has been followed by innumerable transcriptions of Southern life from other hands, but to the author of 'Grandissimes' must always remain the credit of being the pioneer in the fascinating world of Creole romance."

To the Acadian settlements in the lower Louisiana prairies Mr. Cable went for inspiration for his novel "Bonaventure." The hero, Bonaventure, was an orphan boy, who was being brought up by the village curé. This was the first time since Longfellow wrote "Evangeline" that the story and character of the Acadians were again used for romance in literature. Mr. Cable spent much time hunting among old records and historical documents, newspapers and government

reports, and sifted out material for his articles called "The Creoles of Louisiana."

This selection from "Au Large" is a description of Nature in a "transport of passion," and then in her hour of calmness. Mr. Cable closes the extract with fine psychological thought.

"AU LARGE"

Soon the stars are hidden. A light breeze seems rather to tremble and hang poised than to blow. The rolling clouds, the dark wilderness, and the watery waste shine every moment in the wide gleam of lightnings still hidden by the wood, and are wrapped again in ever-thickening darkness, over which thunders roll and jar and answer one another across the sky. Then, like a charge of ten thousand lancers, come the wind and the rain, their onset covered by all the artillery of heaven. The lightnings leap, hiss, and blaze; the thunders crack and roar; the rain lashes; the waters writhe; the wind smites and howls. For five, for ten, for twenty minutes—for an hour, for two hours—the sky and the flood are never for an instant wholly dark, or the thunder for one moment silent; but while the universal roar sinks and swells and the wide, vibrant illumination shows all things in ghostly half-concealment, fresh floods of lightning every moment rend the dim curtain and leap forth; the glare of day falls upon the swaying wood, the reeling, bowing, tossing willows, the seething waters, the whirling rain, and in the midst the small form of the distressed steamer, her revolving paddle-wheels toiling behind to lighten the

strain upon her anchor chains; then all are dim ghosts again, while a peal, as if the heavens were rent, rolls off around the sky, comes back in shocks and throbs, and sinks in a long roar that, before it can die, is swallowed up in the next flash and peal.

A few hours later the winds were still, the stars were out, a sweet silence had fallen upon water and wood, and from her deck the watchman on the steamer could see in the northeastern sky a broad, soft illumination, and knew it was the lights of slumbering New Orleans, eighteen miles away. By and by, farther to the east, another brightness began to grow and gather this light into its outstretched wings. In the nearest wood a soft twitter came from a single tiny bird. Another voice answered it. A different note came from a third quarter; there were three or four replies; the sky turned to blue and began to flush; a mocking-bird flew out of the woods on her earliest quest for family provisions; and a thrush began to sing, and in a moment more the whole forest was one choir.

What wonderful purity was in the fragrant air; what color was on the calm waters and in the deep sky; how beautiful; how gentle was Nature after her transport of passion! Shall we ever subdue her and make her always submissive and compliant? Who knows? Who knows what man may do with her when once he has got self, the universal self, under perfect mastery? See yonder huge bull-alligator swimming hitherward out of the swamp! Even as you point he turns again in alarm and is gone. Once he was man's terror, Leviathan. The very lions of Africa and the grizzlies of the Rockies, so they tell us, are no longer the bold enemies of man they once

were. "Subdue the earth!" It is being done. Science and art, commerce and exploration, are but parts of religion. Help us, brothers all, with every possible discovery and invention to complete the conquest begun in that lost garden whence man and woman first came forth, not for vengeance, but for love, to bruise the serpent's head. But as yet both within us and without us, what terrible revolt doth Nature make! What awful victories doth she have over us, and then turn and bless and serve us again. . . .

By permission of author.

HENRY TIMROD

1829—1867

THIS noted writer was a descendant of an old German family, and was born in Charleston, South Carolina. His father, William Henry Timrod, who held, with distinction, many positions of honor, was married to a Miss Prince and died from exposure during the Florida War with the Seminole Indians. This father, with German thrift and tenacity of purpose, "voluntarily apprenticed himself to a book-binder in order to have plenty of books to read." Henry Timrod inherited his father's love of books and his determination of character. He entered the University of Georgia, but extreme poverty prevented him from finishing the course of study. However, not discouraged by his lack of money, he returned to Charleston with the intention of studying law, which soon became distasteful to him. He then endeavored to prepare for a college professorship, but failing in this, he turned his attention to writing and journalism, in the meantime supporting himself by teaching in private families. He taught for ten years.

His first book of poems, published in Boston in 1860, was cordially received in the United States and would have been published in London had it not been for the "turmoil of civil strife" at that time. With heart aflame with loyalty to his State, Timrod volunteered as a private in the Southern army, and during this time he wrote "Carolina," "The Cotton Ball," and "The Call to Arms," poems that did much to influence the people of South Carolina.

Failing health compelled him to abandon active service as a soldier, and he undertook the work of war correspondent, first representing "The Charleston Mercury," then in 1864 he went to Columbia and became editor of "The South Carolinian." About this time he married Miss Kate Goodwin, the "Katie" of whom he wrote in his poems.

Julian W. Abernethy, Ph. D., Principal of the Berkley Institution, Brooklyn, says: "In less than a year came Sherman's army, cutting its terrible swath to the sea, and Timrod was left destitute. A few months later his idolized child died, and in the little grave a large portion of the father's heart was buried." Before another three years had flitted past, the tired body of Henry Timrod slumbered beside his son in Trinity churchyard, Columbia.

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, "He is gone."

Henry Timrod was "The poet of the Lost Cause, the finest interpreter of the feelings and traditions and heroism of a brave people. Moreover, by his catholic spirit, his wide range, his world-wide sympathies, he was a true American poet."

The first edition of his poems, published in 1860, contained only the verses written in early years, but they found a welcome North and South. The next volume was not brought out till 1873, when the struggle during the reconstruction period was too stern for the full appreciation of literature, though the edition was quickly bought up, as also a beautiful edition of "Katie" published by Hale & Sons a little later.

The poet's mother, who was a daughter of Mr. Charles Prince of Charleston, was a lady of rare culture and had a passionate love for flower and forest, sky and field, and from her Timrod inherited a mind susceptible to every touch of beauty. He was a close student of all classic literature. While of a modest, retiring disposition, he was a man who loved his friends, and among the many

who knew him probably his strongest affection was for the companion of his boyhood and life-long confidant, Paul Hamilton Hayne. When the Civil War ended Timrod was left with failing health and utterly bankrupt financially. He clung passionately to his chosen work; even the death of his beloved son and the merciless ravages of disease did not rob his pen of beauty. His last occupation was to correct the proof sheets of his poems, and he died with them by his side, stained with his life-blood.

Some of the happiest days of Timrod's life were those spent at "Copse Hill," the home of his friend Hayne, and the pathos of his letters to him, when he writes freely of sickness, of utter destitution, is inexpressibly sorrowful.

"Timrod's earnestness and deep poetic insight clothed all themes with the beauty and light," whether of humanity or nature, and the moral purity of everything he wrote is a marked quality of his poems.

"Ethnogenesis" is said by many to be his finest poem.

"Spring" is a burst of Southern spring in all its glory.

"Carolina" and "A Call to Arms" have even to-day, as in the sixties, a meaning to men of the South, "which knows and thrills," and also "they have an abiding power from the standpoint of

art, for there is nothing finer in all the martial strains of the lyric."

Paul Hamilton Hayne tells how the words of "Carolina" thrilled him by their pathos and power, when he read them first one stormy March evening in Fort Sumter.

Timrod's last poem was the Ode written for Memorial Day, April, 1867.

There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By morning beauty crowned.

The keen sensitiveness of Timrod's soul to all nature, even the "tiniest flower," is beautifully expressed in these lines:

And when in wild or thoughtless hour
My Maud hath crushed the tiniest flower,
I ne'er could shut from sight
The corpses of the tender things,
With other drear imaginings,
And the little angel-flowers with wings
Would haunt me through the night.

The feelings of all Southern hearts are told in the lines:

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause,
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone.

A beautiful monument was unveiled at Charleston, in 1901, in honor of the poet.

On October 6, 1867, Henry Timrod passed from earth at his little cottage home on Henderson Street, Columbia, South Carolina, and was buried October 7. The house is still standing, having escaped the cruel and needless conflagration in 1865.

"At the end of a generation the poet's fame keeping its freshness and fidelity has come to full maturity; his poems are read in every State and they are now asked for in Canada."

"Through clouds and sunshine, in peace and in war, amid the stress of poverty and the storms of civil strife, his soul never faltered and his purpose never failed. To his poetic mission he was faithful to the end. In life and in death he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." This is the inscription on the west panel of his monument in Charleston.

Lanier calls Timrod's name, "One of the very sweetest names connected with Charleston," and Hayne says: "His compositions, with all their elegance, finish, and superb propriety of diction, always leave the impression of having been born, not manufactured."

The following excerpt is taken from a poem written complimentary to his wife, her name being Kate.

KATIE

It may be through some foreign grace,
And unfamiliar charm of face;
It may be that across the foam
Which bore her from her childhood's home,
By some strange spell, my Katie brought,
Along with English creeds and thought—
Entangled in her golden hair—
Some English sunshine, warmth, and air!
I cannot tell—but here to-day,
A thousand billowy leagues away
From that green isle whose twilight skies
No darker are than Katie's eyes,
She seems to me, go where she will,
An English girl in England still!
I meet her on the dusty street,
And daisies spring about her feet;
Or, touched to life beneath her tread,
An English cowslip lifts its head;
And, as to do her grace, rise up
The primrose and the buttercup!

I roam with her through fields of cane,
And seem to stroll an English lane,
Which, white with blossoms of the May,
Spreads its green carpet in her way!
As fancy wills, the path beneath
Is golden gorse, or purple heath;

And now we hear in woodlands dim
Their unarticulated hymn;
Now walk through rippling waves of wheat,
Now sink in mats of clover sweet,
Or see before us from the lawn
The lark go up to greet the dawn!
All birds that love the English sky
Throng 'round my path when she is by;
The blackbird from a neighboring thorn
With music brims the cup of morn,
And in a thick, melodious rain
The mavis pours her mellow strain!
But only when my Katie's voice
Makes all the listening woods rejoice,
I hear—with cheeks that flush and pale—
The passion of the nightingale!

*With permission from Ticknor & Co., Boston, and
B. F. Johnson Pub. Co., Richmond, Virginia.*

CAROLINA

I

The despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
 Carolina!
He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm;
Oh, who shall break thy craven calm,
 Carolina!

Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
A spot is on thy garment's rim;
Give to the winds thy battle-hymn,
Carolina!

II

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina!
Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee through the people's heart—
Carolina!
Till even the coward spurns his fears,
And all thy fields and fens and meres
Shall bristle like thy palms with spears,
Carolina!

III

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina!
Tell how the patriot soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied;
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,
Carolina!

Cry till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast
Re-echoed from the haunted past,
Carolina!

IV

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!

And now it deepens; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand—
Carolina!

Shout! Let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!

V

They will not wait to hear thee call;
From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall
Resounds the voice of hut and hall—
Carolina!

No! thou hast not a stain, they say,
Or none save what the battle-day
Shall wash in seas of blood away,
Carolina!

Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
They shall not touch thy noble heart—
Carolina!

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VII

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,
Carolina!

Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas,
Like thine own proud armorial trees,
Carolina!

Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina!

Memorial Edition, B. F. Johnson Pub. Co., Richmond, Virginia.

Henry Timrod's other poems are: "A Cry to Arms," "Katie," "Why Silent," "The Lily Confidante," "Rosebuds," "Our Willie," "The Cotton Boll," "Spring," "A Vision of Poesy," "Sonnet and Others."

MRS. MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE
("MARION HARLAND")

1831—

THIS well-known writer was born in Amelia County, Virginia, and is the daughter of Samuel P. Hawes. Although born in the country, the greater part of her life was passed in Richmond, her father being a respected merchant of that city. He was a lineal descendant of the Puritans, and her mother was from the earliest settlers of Virginia. At a very early age "Marion Harland" showed a remarkable talent for writing, and when only fourteen she wrote short stories of real merit.

In 1856 she was married to the Rev. E. R. Terhune, and since 1859 has spent most of her time in the North. Her family cherish sacredly the names, deeds, and homesteads of their ancestors North and South, and the hearty participation in the feelings of both Northern and Southern branches is undoubtedly the cause of the freedom from sectional prejudice in all of Marion Harland's writings.

The dream of this woman has always been authorship. At the age of fourteen she contrib-

uted, under an assumed name, a series of papers to a weekly city journal. The notice which these sketches attracted, and the desire that was expressed to know the author, was all very flattering encouragement to the youthful writer. Tales, essays, poems, now followed rapidly, and she studied with untiring constancy.

A fugitive sketch, written at sixteen, and called "Marrying through Prudential Motives," appeared in "Godey's Ladies' Book" and had quite a remarkable career. It was copied into an English paper, then transferred to a Parisian journal, retranslated for another English periodical and was extensively read as an English story, till Mr. Godey claimed it as one of his publications.

In 1854, under the *nom de plume* of "Marion Harland," Mrs. Terhune published her first book, "Alone." Long after the first appearance of this story, a new edition went to press regularly every few weeks, while it was reprinted with nearly as much *éclat* in England, was translated into French, and found its way into most European cities.

Two years later "The Hidden Path" was published, and besides great popularity at home, was the only book by a female writer given place in "Standard American Authors," a collection published in Leipzig.

A third novel, "Moss Side," was brought out with like success in 1857.

As a magazine writer in these early years, the contributions of Marion Harland were always eagerly sought for, and her contributions to Godey's Magazine would fill a volume.

In 1859 the Rev. Mr. Terhune was called to the pastorate of the First Reformed Dutch Church in Newark, New Jersey, and the family removed to that city, where the Southern woman found a warm welcome and many congenial friends. Unlike so many authors, the home life and relations of Mrs. Terhune have been very happy. United to a man of rare scholarship, she always had his keen sympathy and his valuable criticism and revision of her work.

Marion Harland's stories deal mostly with Southern life, and have been very popular with readers of fiction. They are perfectly pure and wholesome, and she still is a writer of many articles, which are eagerly read. As a wife, mother, and housekeeper, Marion Harland has nobly "practiced what she preached." She spends her winters in New York, her summers in the suburbs. Her mornings are devoted to her writing, her evenings to her family.

CHINK-FILLERS

At a recent conference of practical housewives and mothers held in a Western city, one of the leaders told, as illustrative of the topic under discussion, an incident

of her childhood. When a little girl of seven years, she stood by her father, looking at a new log-cabin.

"Papa," she observed, "it is all finished, isn't it?"

"No, my daughter; look again."

The child studied the structure before her. The neatly hewed logs were in their proper places. The roof, and the rough chimney, were complete; but, on close scrutiny, one could see the daylight filtering through the interstices of the logs. It had yet to be chinked.

When this anecdote was ended, a bright little woman arose and returned her thanks for the story, for, she said, she had come to the conclusion that she was one of the persons who had been put in the world to fill up the chinks.

The chink-fillers are among the most useful members of society. The fact is patent of the founder of one of our great educational systems, that he grasped large plans and theories, but had no talent for minutiae. What would his majestic outlines be without the army of workers who, with a just comprehension of the importance of detail, fill in the chink in the vast enterprise?

Putty may be a mean, cheap article, far inferior to the clear, transparent crystal pane, but what would become of the costly plate-glass were there no putty to fill in the grooves in which it rests, and to secure it against shocks?

It requires vast patience and much love for one's fellow-man to be a chink-filler. She it is who, as wife, mother, sister, or perhaps, maiden-aunt, picks up the hat or gloves Mamie has carelessly left on the drawing-room table, wipes the tiny finger smears from the window-panes at which baby stood to wave his hand to papa this morning, dusts the rungs of the chair neglected by the parlor-maid,

and mends the ripped coat which Johnny forgot to mention until it was nearly time to start for school. It is she who thinks to pull the basting-threads out of the newly finished gown, tacks ruching in neck and sleeves against the time when daughter or sister may want it in a hurry, remembers to prepare some dainty for that member of the household who is "not quite up to the mark" in appetite—in fact, undertakes those tasks, so many of which show for little when done, but which are painfully conspicuous when neglected.

Strange as it may seem, the mind of the hireling cannot grasp the importance of the lesser tasks that go to make up the sum of existence. If you allow Bridget to prepare your chambers for an unexpected friend, you will observe that she glories in Rembrandt-like effects—which, when viewed at a distance, assume a respectable appearance. You, with brains back of your hands, will notice that there is a tiny hole in the counterpane, dust under the table, and—above all—that the soap-dish is not clean. Your servant may do the rough work; the dainty, lady-like touch must be given by you.

You have an experienced waitress and a jewel if the dining-room and table are perfect without your supervision. It may be only that a teacup or plate is sticky or rough to the touch, a fork or a knife needed, the steel or one of the carvers forgotten. But when the family is assembled at the board, these trifles cause awkward pauses and interruptions.

Often the work which "doesn't show" takes most time, and tries the temper. It would be an excellent plan for each member of the household to resolve to put in its proper place everything which he or she observes out of

order. By the time this rule had been established for twenty-four hours, the house would be immaculate, and the mother find ample time for her mission—if she has any besides general chink-filler for the family. If not, she will have an opportunity to rest.

A well-known author, who is at the same time an exemplary housewife, tells of how she retired one rainy spring morning to her study in just the mood for writing. Husband and sons had gone to their various occupations. She had a splendid day for work ahead of her. She sat down to her desk and took up her pen. The plot of a story was forming itself in her brain. She dipped her pen in the ink and wrote:

“He was——”

A knock at the door. Enter Anne.

“Please, mem, a mouse has eat a hole in one of your handsome napkins—them as I was to wash ag’in the company you’re expectin’ to-morrow night. By rights it should be mended before it’s washed.”

“Bring it to the sewing-room.”

When the neat piece of darning was ended, the house-keeper repaired to the closet to put on a loose writing sack. On the nail next to the jacket hung her winter coat. On the edge of the sleeve was a tiny hole. The housewifely spirit was filled with dread. There were actually moths in that closet. She must attend to it immediately. The woolens ought to be put up if moths had already appeared. John’s clothes and the boys’ winter coats were in great danger of being ruined. By lunch time the necessary brushing and doing up were ended. But in stowing away the winter garments in the attic our heroine was appalled at the confusion among the trunks.

The garret needed attention, and received it as soon as the noonday meal was dispatched. At four o'clock, with the waitress' assistance, the task was completed. About the same time a note arrived from John saying he would be obliged to bring two of his old friends—"swell bachelors who were spending the day in town—to dine with him that night. She must not put herself to any trouble about dinner, and he would take them to the theater in the evening." To the dinner already ordered were added oyster-pâtés, salad with mayonnaise dressing, salted almonds, and instead of the plain pudding that John liked, was a pie of which he was still more fond, capped by black coffee, all of which articles, except the last-named, were prepared by the hostess, who, in faultless toilette, with remarkable brilliant color, smilingly welcomed her husband and his guests to the half-past-six dinner. When they had gone to the theater, and the mother had talked to her two sons of the day's school experiences, before they settled down to their evening of study, she returned to the dining-room, and, as Mary had a headache and had had a busy day, she assisted in washing and wiping the unusual number of soiled dishes, and in setting the breakfast table. At nine o'clock she dragged her weary self upstairs.

As she passed the door of her sanctum on the way to her bedchamber, she paused, then entered and lighted the gas-jet over her desk. In it lay a page of foolscap, blank but for the words:

"He was——"

The day had gone, and the plot with it.

With a half-sob she sat down and wrote with tired and trembling fingers:

"He was—this morning. He isn't now!"

But will not my readers agree with me that she was a genuine wife, mother, housekeeper—in short, a "chink-filler"?

Permission of Marion Harland.

Works: "Alone," "Moss-side," "Beechdale," "Judith," "The Hidden Path," "Handicapped," "Nemesis," "At Last," "Helen Gardner's Wedding Days," "Jessamine," "With Best Intentions," "True as Steel," "Sunnybank," "From My Youth Up," "My Little Love," "A Gallant Fight," "The Royal Road," "His Daughters," "Marion," "Common Sense in the Nursery," "The Cottage Kitchen," "The Dinner Year Book," "Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea," "The Story of Mary Washington," "Loitering in Pleasant Paths."

EDGAR ALLAN POE

1809—1849

FEW Americans have attracted more attention than the Southern poet, Edgar Allan Poe, and many biographies of him, innumerable reviews, and criticisms, some intelligent, but many ignorantly and unjustly written, have been published. The fascination of mystery enshrouds much concerning him, and adds melancholy interest to his history. The very place and date of his birth were for a long time a matter of dispute. It is asserted now and generally admitted that Edgar Poe was born in Boston during a theatrical engagement of his parents, for they were actors.

Richard H. Stoddard says Poe was born on February 19, while Eugene Didier writes that it was January 19. The parents were Southern people and their home was in Baltimore or Richmond, when they were not traveling.

For one hundred years the Poe family occupied a prominent position in the city of Baltimore. David Poe, called General Poe, the grandfather of the poet, was born in Londonderry, in Ireland, in 1743. John Poe and his wife, Jane McBride,

the great-grandparents, were also Irish. The family emigrated to America and settled first in Pennsylvania, where David Poe grew to manhood and married the beautiful Miss Cairnes of that State. In 1776 David Poe took up his permanent residence in Baltimore, where he held many positions of trust and rendered valuable service to the State. Some of his patriotic letters may be found among the Maryland papers of the "'76 Society." In 1824, when Lafayette was in Baltimore, on learning of the death of General Poe, he called to see Mrs. Poe and expressed to her his great regard for her husband. General Poe had six children, of whom the eldest was David Poe, Jr., the father of Edgar. He was a handsome, dashing young man, and was one of the founders of the Thespian Club of Baltimore. He became infatuated with the stage and at Charleston announced his intention of making his first appearance there as an actor. His uncle, William Poe, persuaded him to give up the stage, and take a place in the law office of Hon. John Forsyth, of Augusta, Georgia. William Poe had settled in Augusta and married the sister of Hon. John Forsyth. Hon. Washington Poe was a child of this marriage and became a member of Congress from Georgia. David Poe fell in love with an actress whose maiden name was Arnold, married her and then adopted and followed his wife's profession. After a wandering

life of poverty and failure, they both perished in the Richmond Theatre, which was burned December 26, 1811, in Baltimore. Three children were left penniless. After their death Edgar was adopted by a Mr. Allan of Richmond, Virginia, who, after rearing him in luxury, died and left him without a dollar. Rosalie Poe was adopted by Mr. McKenzie of Richmond, and William Henry, by Mr. Henry Didier, of Baltimore.

When Edgar Poe was a mere child in the adopted home, "Mr. Allan would call upon him frequently, at dinings, to give a toast, and the boy, rising, roguishly and with ineffable grace, would drink the wine and wittily respond, to the delight of all present." The impressions this training made on a nervous and highly wrought temperament, with strong tendencies toward stimulants, were no doubt the beginnings of the habits which blighted Poe's life, and led to his early death, robbing the world of his genius, which should have gladdened it for many years. Poe was so sensitive to the influence of an intoxicant that a single glass of wine made him frantic. When he was six years old, he went with his foster parents to Europe and attended a private school near London. Upon the family returning to Richmond, Edgar entered the University of Virginia, where he was a successful student of languages, and graduated with the highest honor

he could receive from the University, which then had no provisions for conferring degrees of any kind.

Mr. Allan now gave him a position in his office, but the young man grew weary of office work drudgery, went to Boston, and enlisted in the United States Army, under the name of Edgar A. Perry. Here he was again dissatisfied, and Mr. Allan secured his discharge, obtaining for him an appointment at West Point. "The routine of military school life became more and more distasteful to him, until at length he deliberately brought about his expulsion by neglect of such duties as roll-call and guard duty."

Upon the death of Mrs. Allan, Poe lost his best friend, with her tender solicitude and affectionate interest. Within a year after the death of his wife Mr. Allan married Louise Gabrielle Patterson, and when a son was born Poe ceased to be the prospective heir to five thousand acres of land in Goochland, Virginia, a hundred slaves, and real estate in Richmond—in all a property amounting to five hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Allan continued for a time to give Edgar a home, but he was merely tolerated, not loved and cared for as he had been during the life of the first wife. Poe, with his proud, sensitive nature, felt the change keenly, and a quarrel and rupture were inevitable. Eugene Didier says in his life of Poe:

"For nearly twenty years Edgar had been the idolized child of the house. He returns from West Point and finds all things changed in the old Fifth Street house. Another Mrs. Allan was there. We all know the influence of a second wife upon a fond, doting old husband. Edgar felt its effects more than any one else. Mrs. Allan very naturally wanted all the Allan property for the Allan children."

Mrs. Susan Archer Tally Weiss says, in a letter to Mr. Didier: "The cause of the quarrel between the Allans and Poe was very simple and very natural, human nature considered," and she completely exonerated Edgar Poe from all blame.

Soon after this Mr. Allan died, leaving Poe unmentioned in his will. In time Poe wandered again to Baltimore, and made his home with his father's sister, Mrs. Clemm, whose daughter Virginia he married in May, 1836. Though extremely poor, the three formed a very happy household, until death took the child-wife and left Poe alone again with only desperate poverty. "Seldom has a life been so full of genius and of misery."

During all these years Edgar Allan Poe was a constant contributor to various periodicals, winning a prize from a Philadelphia paper with his story, "The Gold Bug," and the hundred-dollar prize offered by the "Baltimore Saturday Visitor"

with his story, "A MS. Found in a Bottle." In 1835 he went to Richmond and became assistant editor of "The Southern Literary Messenger," which magazine he conducted with marked ability. His stories "The Maelstrom" and "The Murders in Rue Morgue" are among the most powerful short stories in any language. He was the first and greatest writer of detective stories. His "Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin" is a master of the analysis of crime.

Brander Matthews in his "Introduction to American Literature" says: "Poe, in the eyes of foreigners, is the most gifted of all the authors of America; he is the one to whom the critics of Europe would most readily accord the full title of genius. At the end of this nineteenth century, Poe is the sole man of letters, born in the United States, whose writings are read eagerly in Great Britain, in France, in Germany, in Italy, and in Spain, where Franklin is now but a name, and where the fame of James Fenimore Cooper, once so widely spread, is now slowly drifting away."

Poe's works cover three fields, poetry, fiction and criticism, and in the latter he first attracted attention. As a writer of short stories he established a reputation for great originality. Probably his strongest work is in prose. His analysis and his description were so true and real that some believed his stories founded on actual experience;

as for instance the "Balloon Journey," published in the New York "Sun," and his analysis of monomania and catalepsy in the story of Bernice.

"A MS. Found in a Bottle" is the story of a sailor who went down in a whirlpool near the South Pole.

"The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" is a horrible story of adventures that befell a shipwrecked crew among cannibals. Discovery and invention helped Poe in the weird tale of "Scheherazade," and the "Gold Bug" is an account of the discovery of Captain Kidd's treasure under a tulip tree. "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" shows the powerful analytical reasoning of a young Frenchman who finally discovers that the perpetrator of a horrible murder which had shocked all Paris was an escaped orang-outang. "The Mystery of Maria Bouget" is the exposition of another murder, and "The Black Cat," one among his best known stories, shows the growth of criminal impulse and the helplessness of a broken will.

Edgar Poe is described as having been of medium height, erect and handsome in early life. His eyes possessed wondrous beauty and charm. Intellectually and as a companion he was most fascinating, and when not under the influence of liquor, a most lovable person. He closed his troubled life at the Washington University Hospi-

tal of Baltimore, from causes which will probably never be known.

It has been declared that Poe was intoxicated and left the train, not knowing what he was doing, but when his monument was erected in Baltimore in 1875, by the teachers of that city, assisted by George W. Childs of Philadelphia, this accusation was declared untrue.

Appleton Morgan says: "The conductor of the train carrying the poet for the last time, made a sworn statement that there was no sign of intoxication about him," and Dr. John J. Morgan said: "There was no smell of liquor about the body when brought to the hospital." The story that Poe was a habitual drunkard is denied by many modern writers.

In the winter of 1837, when Poe and his little family were in New York, Mrs. Clemm endeavored to add to their slender income by taking boarders. William Gowans, a then well-known bookseller, boarded with them. He says of the eight months he was with Poe: "I saw much of him during that time. He was one of the most courteous, gentlemanly, and intelligent companions I ever met. I never saw him in the least affected by liquor, or descend to any known vice."

Eugene Didier says: "There are some people who will always believe that the life of Edgar Allan Poe was one long fit of intoxication. It

never seems to occur to these people that a drunkard's intellect could not have produced the literary work which stands as an immortal monument to Poe's genius."

Besides the ancient and modern languages Poe's works show a familiarity with natural history, mineralogy, philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, etc. Habitual drunkards do not, generally speaking, spend their time in accumulating vast stores of learning. It does seem very suspicious that only one of Poe's acquaintances knew of his frequent "fits of intoxication." N. P. Willis, who was in daily intercourse with him for months, saw nothing of his dissipated habits. L. A. Wilmer, during an intimate friendship of twelve years, saw nothing of it. George R. Graham, who was associated with him for two years, saw nothing of it. S. D. Lewis, who lived in closest intimacy, never saw Poe drink a glass of wine, beer or liquor of any kind. The fact is, that it was only at rare intervals, and more especially after the loss of his adored wife, that he indulged in stimulants. Poe was a most industrious, laborious, painstaking writer. Neilson Poe said Edgar was one of the best-hearted men that ever lived. "Every person who came in contact with Edgar Poe speaks of his elegant appearance, the stately grace of his manners, and his fascinating conversation."

Hannay, the English critic, says of Poe's writ-

ings: "His poetry is all as pure as wild flowers. With all his passion for the beautiful, no poet was ever less voluptuous. He never profaned his genius."

It is a matter of surprise that any American writer, who really has at heart the honor of American literature, should endeavor to cast reproach and dishonor upon Edgar Allan Poe, who has done more for our country's literary reputation than any other author. It is hard to stop a falsehood when once started.

Edgar Allan Poe was perhaps the most scholarly writer our country ever produced. His acquaintance with classical literature was thorough, and even the most insignificant of his writings show scholarship.

Dr. Griswold's "Life of Poe" was unfortunately our first medium for forming an estimate of our noble poet. This biography was only the cruel revenge a man took upon a dead author who had dared in life to criticise the book "Poets and Poetry of America." Every volume of Dr. Griswold's biography of Edgar Allan Poe should be destroyed.

His published works are "Poems," "Tales of the Arabesque and Grotesque," "Humorous Tales and Sketches," "Literati of New York," "Conchologist's First Book," "Poems Written in Youth," and "Critical Essays."

Walter C. Brown says: "To his American environment Poe owed nothing but poverty and fetters, but in spite of all he managed to produce a few poems and tales which are perfect of their kind, and greatly raised the standard of art in American literature."

Another critic says: "Poe's striking genius will rank him always as one of the most distinguished writers of English. To-day his works are more in demand than ever before. They abound in that magnetic quality which not only attracts, but also arouses permanent interest. You will read Poe over and over again. No one can have a knowledge of American verse, fiction, and criticism without a thorough acquaintance with his masterpieces of imagination. His writings constitute a treasure-house of pathos, mystery, melody, and dramatic narrative, weird fancy, and profound wisdom."

Mrs. M. E. Bryant writes: "Almost as many utterly false things have been published and believed about Poe as about Byron. In the new *Encyclopædia Britannica* it says that Poe is the most interesting figure in American literature, and furnishes the most extraordinary instance on record of systematic misrepresentation on the part of biographers."

His "critical notices," spiced with wit and irony, his acute sensitiveness to defects, particularly in poetry, made him a severe and con-

scientious critic. He made enemies by this, such as Dr. Griswold, whose works he frankly criticised.

Donald G. Mitchell says: "Again and again in highest praise, of this erratic genius, it must be said that in his pages there is no coarse, no beastly double meaning, not a line to pamper sensual appetite."

"The Raven" was published anonymously in "The American Review" of February, 1845. N. P. Willis, who knew it to be Poe's, transferred it to "The New York Evening Mirror" and gave it a good review. An English writer says: "'The Raven' is the most popular lyrical poem in the world. It has been translated and commented upon by the leading literati of the two continents, and an entire literature has been founded upon it."

At West Point Poe's scholarship was high, but he rebelled against the routine of military discipline. Poe's life was one long struggle with poverty. In 1833 he had sunk to great destitution, when "A MS. Found in a Bottle" won the prize of \$100. Under his conduct "The Southern Literary Messenger" sprang into sudden prominence, and gained wonderful advancement. Professor Woodbery says, speaking of Poe: "He impressed me as a refined and very gentlemanly man, exceedingly neat in person. His manner was quiet and reserved. The form of his MS.

was peculiar. He wrote on half sheets of note paper which he pasted together. His life in the cottage on the outskirts of Philadelphia and later in Fordham was idyllic in the days when his child-wife was well enough to sing on the harp, while Poe hung over her frail form tenderly, and good Mrs. Clemm, who idolized them both, looked on with motherly pleasure."

After the death of his wife, Poe had brain fever, and he never quite returned to his former self, and the intense suffering of his morbidly sensitive nature, with all the sad results, must touch the heart of any merciful person. Although the critical reviews of Poe were not valued in his time as they should be, they helped to raise the standard of American letters by their keen, fearless attacks upon "complacent mediocrity."

His lectures on "The Poetic Principle," in which poetry is defined as "the rhythmic creation of Beauty," were a "wholesome antidote to the didacticism of New England conception of Art." Walter Bronson says: "Poe has been accused of plagiarism, but in his best work he was emphatically original." The old "Poe and Chivers Controversy" has from time to time reappeared, and claims are made that Poe got his style, atmosphere and unique rhythmic conceptions from poems of Dr. Thomas Holly Chivers.

Of this Professor Charles H. Hubner says:

"Every reader and student will have to form his own conclusions." Referring to "The Bells," "The Raven," "Annabel Lee," he adds: "No critic will doubt that to Poe belongs the wonderful magic and mastery of this species of song. If to him who says a thing *best* the thing belongs, no one will hesitate to decide that Poe is entitled to the 'bays which crown' him."

To-day Poe's works are more in demand than ever, and to-day he is the most interesting figure in American literature. Any one who is not capable of appreciation of the beauty of his poetry and who has not a heart that can feel keen sympathy with his bitter poverty, should never attempt to be the judge of Edgar Allan Poe.

Miss Susan Archer Tally (Mrs. Weiss) lived near neighbor to Mrs. McKenzie in Richmond, who had adopted Poe's sister Rosalie. Mrs. Weiss was quite intimate with Rose Poe, and when Poe came to Richmond in 1849, in the interest of his magazine, "The Stylus," which he was eager to publish, he took lodging at Swan's Tavern, a rambling frame building on the corner of Eighth and Broad Streets. Poe was then about forty years old. Mrs. Weiss described him as of medium height and distinguished looking. "His eyes," she says, "were unlike any I have ever seen and possessed wonderful beauty and charm. Large and shaded by long black lashes, they were steel

gray in color, of crystalline clearness, the pupils expanding and contracting with every shade of thought or emotion. Young as I was, I seemed to recognize the finer nature of the man."

Charles Hemstreet says: "When Poe wrote 'The Raven' he was living with his wife and her mother, Mrs. Clemm, in Bloomingdale Village, the house standing on the thoroughfare now running between Broadway and West End Avenue. In the spring of 1846, when his wife grew more feeble, he moved out into the country to a secluded spot then far from the city known as Fordham. In this dingy little house Poe dreamed out his 'Eureka,' and penned the exquisite 'Annabel Lee' and also the first draught of 'The Bells.'"

THE BELLS

I

Hear the sledges with the bells,—
 Silver bells,—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight,—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
All in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells,—
Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,—
Of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells.

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,—
 Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
 In the silence of the night
 How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,—
 Of the bells;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.
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ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee:
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
 Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love which was more than love—
 I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.
By permission of A. C. Armstrong, New York City.

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE
(“CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK”)

1850—

THIS talented writer was born at Grantlands, the home of her parents near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, this city being named for her family, who were early settlers in the State.

Her father was a lawyer, but his fortunes were ruined by the disasters of the Civil War. In addition to this poverty which so early shadowed her life, there came to Miss Murfree the trial of disease, and a partial paralysis left the little girl lame and deprived her of active sports enjoyed by other children. Thus she was set apart in one of those “wildernesses” into which God often sends those of whom He makes His most capable workers. “Sickness sent Scott to the country where he gathered legend and story, it inclined Dickens to reading and laid Hawthorne often down upon the carpet to study.” Through an intense desire for occupation, the desire to write came to her, for both her father and mother had written for many magazines. Miss Murfree strengthened her mind by the most wholesome and the best reading, and she soon developed a capacity for the examination

of human types, seeming to have peculiar insight into the nature of boys. "To the slaves on the plantation she was indebted, as was every Southern writer, for a unique cultivation of fancy and legendary taste."

Although years passed before Miss Murfree's writings began to receive much recognition, they were years spent in study and intelligent gathering in of good material, near at hand. She had opportunity for a varied collection of experiences. The buildings on the place where she was born were riddled with bullets at the battle of Stone River.

The assumed name, "Charles Egbert Craddock," under which she wrote, was used for the double purpose of concealing failure if it came her way, and because she believed the writings of a man were more apt to be well received than those of a woman. So perfectly did she hide behind this *nom de plume* that her publishers wrote to her as to a man, beginning their letters, "My dear Craddock." Her manuscripts had nothing feminine about them, her writing was clear and bold, and free from any feminine "hall marks." When she wrote "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain" and found herself famous, she surprised her publishers by appearing and introducing herself. Miss Murfree's first story, which appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly," was called

"The Dancing Party." Egbert Craddock was the name of the hero of her second story, and so, being in search of a *nom de plume* for herself, she took the name of her hero with the prefix of Charles. Miss Murfree soon became recognized as a Southern writer of uncommon art, originality and power. Her sympathetic insight into ordinary, unpoetic lives, her recognition of the beauty and pathos of the Tennessee mountaineers, shows her capable of the depth necessary for a writer of fiction. She shows with wondrously tender insight "that the same questions, the same doubts, the same fears and temptations perplex the untutored heart as they do the people of higher culture, and that the most lowly can often rise to the heights of the heroic."

Her story of "Where the Battle was Fought" is a novel of picturesque power, though "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain" has been considered her best.

"In the Tennessee Mountains" is a collection of eight short stories. "Down the Ravine" is called a story for young people, but no one should be too old to be delighted by its bright sketches of scenery in the Cumberland Mountains. How close the story gets to every mother's heart when the mountaineer mother says: "Don't everybody know a boy's mother air boun' ter take his part agin all the worl'?" and what more pathetic and

touching character than the little sister, "Tennessee," who "ain't purty, but she's powerful peart"! Miss Murfree's stories are pure and wholesome, a benefit to all who read them. Among the best-known are: "In the Clouds," "Keedon Bluffs," "His Vanished Star," "The Mystery of Witch Face Mountain."

IN THE CLOUDS

"Where be ye goin', Lethe?" demanded Mrs. Sayles, ruthlessly interrupting Jacob's monologue.

"Ter hunt up that thar lamb," replied Alethea calmly, as if nothing else had been under discussion. "I ain't seen nuthin' of it ter-day, an' some o' the chill'n—I believe 'twas Joe—'lowed its dam were down yander nigh Boke's spring yesteddy, actin' sorter cur'ous, an' I reckon suthin's happened ter it."

Doaks looked after her as she went, tempted to follow.

She took the way down the path beside the zigzag rail fence. All the corners were rank with wild flowers, vines and bushes, among which her golden head showed from time to time as in a wreath. She was soon without the limits of Wild Cat Hollow. More than once she paused as she went, holding her hands above her eyes, and looking at the vast array of mountains on every side. A foreign land to her, removed even from vague speculation, she saw only how those august summits lifted themselves into the sky, how the clouds, weary-winged, were fain to rest upon them. There was a vague blurring at the horizon line, for a shower was succeeded by mist. The

woods intervened presently; the long stretches of the majestic avenues lay before her, all singularly open, cleared of undergrowth by the fiery besom of the autumn conflagration. It was very silent; once only she heard the shrill trilling of a tree frog; and once the insistent clamor of the locust broke out close at hand, vibrating louder and louder and dying away, to be caught up antiphonally in the distance. Often she noted the lightning-scathed trees, the fated of the forest, writhen and blanched and spectral among their flourishing kindred. There were presently visible at the end of the long leafy vista other dead trees; their blight was more prosaic; they stood girdled and white in an abandoned field that lay below the slope on which she had paused, and near the base of the mountain. A broken, rotting rail-fence still encircled it. Blackberry bushes, broom-sedge, a tangle of weeds, were a travesty of its crops. A fox, a swift-scudding tawny streak, sped across it as she looked. Hard by there was a deserted hut: the doors were open, showing dark voids within; the batten shutters flapped with every changing whim of the winds. Fine sport they often had, those riotous mountain sprites, shrieking down the chimney to affright the loneliness; then falling to sobs and sighs to mock the voices of those who had known sorrow here and perhaps shed tears; sometimes wrapping themselves in snow as in a garment, and reeling in fantastic whirls through forlorn and empty place; sometimes twitting the gaunt timbers with their infirmities, and one wild night wrenching off half a dozen clapboards from the roof and scattering them about the door. Thus the moon might look in, seeing no more than those whose eyes had once met its beam, and even the sunlight had melancholy intimations when it shone on the

forsaken hearth-stone. A screech-owl had found refuge among the rafters, and Alethea heard its quavering scream ending in a low, sinister chuckle. There was a barn near at hand,—a structure of undaubed, unhewn logs, with wide-open pass-way below the loft to shelter wagons and farm implements; it seemed in better repair than the house. The amber sky above the dark woods had deepened to orange, to crimson; the waning light suffused the waters of the spring branch which flowed close by the barn, the willows leaning to it, the ferns laving in it. The place was incredibly solitary and mournful with the persistent spectacle of the deserted house, suggestive of collapsed energies, of the defeated schemes of some simple humanity.

A faint bleat rose suddenly. Alethea turned quickly. Amongst a patch of briars she caught a glimpse of something white; another glance,—it was the ewe, quietly nibbling the grass. Alethea had no intention of moving softly, but her skirts brushing through the weeds made hardly a sound. Her light, sure step scarcely stirred a leaf. The ewe saw her presently and paused in feeding. She had been making the best of her woes, remaining near her lamb, which had fallen into a sink-hole, sustained by the earth, gravel and banks of leaves held in the mouth of the cavity. Its leg was broken, and thus, although the sheep could venture to it, the lamb could not follow to the vantage-ground above. Seeing that succor was at hand, the sheep lost all patience and calmness, and ran about Alethea in a distracting fashion, bleating, till the lamb, roused to a renewed sense of its calamities, bleated piteously too. As it lay down in the cavity upon the dead leaves, it had a strangely important look upon its face,

appreciating how much stir it was making in the world for one of its size. Alethea noticed this, albeit she was too self-absorbed at the moment. These treacherous hopper-shaped sink-holes are of indefinite depth, and are often the mouths of caves. To reach the lamb she must needs venture half way across the cavity. She stepped cautiously down the débris, holding fast the while to the branches of an elder-bush growing on its verge. She felt the earth sinking beneath her feet. The sheep, which had jumped in too, sprang hastily out. Alethea had a 'dizzy realization of insecurity. She caught the lamb in one arm, then stepped upon the sinking mass, and struggled up the side of the aperture, as with a great gulp the leaves and earth were swallowed into the cavity. She looked down with that sickening sense of a sheer escape, still holding the lamb in one arm; the other hand readjusted the heavy masses of her golden hair, and the saffron kerchief about the neck of her brown dress. The sheep, one anxiety removed, was the prey of another, and pressed close to Alethea, with outstretched head and all the fears of kidnapping in her pleading eyes. Alethea waited for a moment to rest. Then as she glanced over her shoulder her heart seemed to stand still, her brain reeled, and, but for her acute consciousness, she would have thought she must be dreaming. The clearing lay there all as it was a moment before; the deserted buildings, the weed-grown fields, the rotting rail fence; the woods dark about it, the sky red above it. Around and around the old barn, in a silent circuit, three men were solemnly tramping in single file. She stood staring at them with dilated eyes, all the mystic traditions of supernatural manifestations uppermost in her mind. Once more the owl's scream rent

the brooding stillness. How far that low, derisive chuckle echoed! A star, melancholy, solitary, was in the pensive sky. The men's faces were grave,—once, twice, thrice, they made the round. Then they stood together in the open space beneath the loft, and consulted in whispers. One suddenly spoke aloud.

"Oh, Tobe!" he called.

"Tobe!" called the echoes.

There was no answer. All three looked up wistfully. Then they again conferred together in a low tone.

"Oh, Tobias!" cried the spokesman in a voice of entreaty.

"Tobias!" pleaded the plaintive echoes. Still there was no answer. The owl screamed suddenly in its weird, shrill tones. It had flown out from among the rafters and perched on the smokeless chimney of the hut. Then its uncanny laughter filled the interval.

Once more the men whispered anxiously to each other. One of them, a tall, ungainly, red-haired fellow, seemed to have evolved a solution of the problem which had baffled them.

"Mister Winkeye!" he exclaimed, with vociferous confidence.

The echoes were forestalled. A sneeze rang out abruptly from the loft of the deserted old barn,—a sneeze resonant, artificial, grotesque enough to set the blades below to roaring with delighted laughter.

"He mus' hev his joke. Mr. Winkeye air a mighty jokified old man," declared the red-haired fellow.

They made no effort to hold further communication with the sneezer in the loft. They hastily placed a burly jug in the center of the space below, and laid a silver half-

dollar upon the cob that served as stopper. The coin looked extremely small in this juxtaposition. There may be people elsewhere who would be glad of a silver coin of that size capable of filling so disproportionately large a jug. Then they ran off fleetly out of the clearing into the woods, and Alethea could hear the brush cracking as they dashed through it on the slopes below.

She was still pale and tremulous, but no longer doubts beset her. She understood the wiles of the illicit distiller, pursued so closely by the artifices of the raiders, that he was prone to distrust the very consumers of his whiskey. They never saw his face, they knew not even his name. They had no faint suspicion where his still was hidden. They were not even dangerous as unwilling witnesses, should they be caught with the illicit whiskey in their hands. The story that they had left a jug and a half-dollar in a deserted barn and found the jug filled and the coin vanished, would inculcate no one. From the loft the distiller or his emissary could see and recognize them as they came. Alethea, having crept down the slope amongst the briars in search of the lamb, had been concealed from him. She was seized with instant desire to get way before he should appear. She coveted the knowledge of no such dangerous secret. She walked boldly out from the leafy covert, that he might see her in the clearing and delay till she was gone.

The lamb was bleating faintly in her arms; the sheep pressed close to her side, nudging her elbow with insistent nozzle. The last flush of the day was on her shining hair and her grave, earnest face. The path led her by the barn. She hesitated, stopped, and drew back hastily. A man was swinging himself alertly down from the loft. He

caught up the coin, slipped it into his pocket, and lifted the jug with the other hand. The next moment he dropped it suddenly, with a startled exclamation. His eyes had met her eyes. There was a moment of suspense charged with mutual recognition. Then she ran hastily by, never pausing till she was far away in the deep obscurity of the woods.

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MARIA J. MCINTOSH

"OF noble Scottish descent, tracing back to the clan McIntosh, famous in history as loyal adherents to the House of Stuart, Maria J. McIntosh was born in Georgia, in the village of Sunbury, not far from Savannah, and there received her primal stamp and stamina."

Captain John Moore McIntosh, her great-grandfather, was driven from Scotland by the fall of the Stuarts, and set sail, with one hundred retainers, for the Georgia colony, in 1735. They landed on the banks of the Altamaha, and called their settlement (now known as Darien) "New Inverness," in memory of the homeland. The county still bears the original name, McIntosh. Major Lachlan McIntosh, the father of Maria, was an officer in the Revolutionary War, and afterwards became a successful lawyer. After the Revolution Major McIntosh married, removed to the village of Sunbury, and here Maria McIntosh was born and reared.

She attended the academy in Sunbury, and nursed her invalid mother for many years, and this experience developed the young girl's mental and moral strength.

In 1835, after the death of father and mother, Miss McIntosh went to live in New York with her brother, Captain James M. McIntosh, of the United States Navy.

"It was suggested by a friend to Miss McIntosh that she should try her literary powers in a series of juvenile tales. Under the name of 'Aunt Kitty' this talented Georgian published 'Blind Alice' with marked success."

Then came "Jessie Graham," "Florence Arnott," "Grace and Clara," and "Ellen Leslie" in rapid succession, "each story pure as a dew-drop, sparkling in its own jewel of moral truth."

Then followed the more ambitious books, "Conquest and Self-Conquest," "Praise and Principle" and "Two Lives." In 1848 appeared "Charms and Counter Charms," "a work in which the author seems to have concentrated the strength of her artistic and womanly nature. It is threaded with veins and nerves, as if she had dipped her pen in living hearts, and had written on because the electric tide would flow."

In 1853 "The Lofty and the Lowly" was published and sold rapidly at home and abroad. In company with her nephew, the Hon. John Ward, Miss McIntosh sailed for Liverpool in 1859, and she enjoyed months of travel in England and France, settling for a time with Mrs. Ward, her brother's wife, in Switzerland. "Their

cottage, shut in by Alpine Heights," was fit home for gathering food and inspiration for future authorship. Miss McIntosh was known to the reading world chiefly through her prose writings, yet she published fragments of song, such as "A Lament," "A Pæan," and "A Prayer," which are true poems. Her books have all been translated into French, and were largely sold in France and England. Love of locality and home is expressed in "A Southern Home."

Home! Home! I have had too many resting places in my not very long life—this is my twentieth birthday—but I have had, I can have, but one home. For eight years I have not seen it, with the bodily eye, and yet how vividly it stands before me! A week ago I determined to paint it, and the picture, to which I have given every moment of leisure, is done; here in this record of thought and feeling meant only for myself, I may say what I truly think.

There is the very beach where I gathered shells with my faithful nurse, my kind, devoted Charity. To the eastward the blue waves are lifting their white foam-crests to the sun; inland I can distinguish amid the mass of verdure which marked the utmost tropical luxuriance of St. Mary's Isle, the glistening leaves of the orange-trees only half concealing their snowy flowers and golden fruit, and the darker green of the old oaks, "the king of forests all," from whose giant boughs the long pendant moss suspends its floating drapery of silver gray. Within the circle of those live oaks rises the home which sheltered

my orphan childhood: a frame building two stories high, and surrounded by a piazza, whose pillars, wreathed with roses, honeysuckles and woodbine, gave something of airy brightness to what would otherwise have been without ornament and grace.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

1853—

THIS American writer of dialect stories was born at Oakland plantation, Hanover County, Virginia. His early life was passed upon the estate which belonged to his maternal ancestor, Thomas Nelson. He was educated at Washington and Lee University and there studied law, afterwards practicing in Richmond. As a delineator of negro dialect and character there are few men who equal him, and possibly none excel him. He has won for himself a lasting and enviable name in the world of letters. His first literary attempts were in the shape of negro dialect stories and poems, and they were so well received that he settled down to the steady, hard work necessary for a literary career. The first real story of any length which came from his pen was entitled "In Old Virginia," and appeared in 1887. Shortly after its appearance a leading critic said: "To Mr. Page all eyes will now be turned, for he has done something in a literary way notably excellent and pointing easily to a future bright with a sunlit path."

His second story, published in 1883, "Two Lit-

tle Confederates," was even better than "In Old Virginia." But his greatest production came later when his pen brought forth those undying masterpieces, "Marse Chan," "Meh Lady," "Red Rock," and his latest, "Gordon Keith." "These four books are destined to live beyond this age, for they tell a tale of life and character equal to that told by Dickens."

Page has one charm which few latter-day writers possess, namely, absolute perfectness of finish as to style and rhetoric. He turns out no "shoddy" or hasty work. His stories delineate the old Virginia darky and his dialect, as Mr. Harris does the darky of the Carolinas and Georgia. There is a marked difference in the language of the negro in different sections of the South.

"The naturalness of this author's style, the skill with which he uses seemingly indifferent incidents and sayings to light up his pictures, the apparently unintentional and therefore most effective touches of pathos, are uncommon."

That this writer's life has been a busy one, is evidenced by the number of his books:

"In Old Virginia," "Two Little Confederates," "On Newfoundland River," "The Old South," "Among the Camps," "Elsket and Other Stories," "Befo' de War," "Pastime Stories," "The Burial of the Guns," "Unc' Edinburgh," "Meh Lady," "Marse Chan," "Polly," "Social

Life in Old Virginia," "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock," "Two Prisoners," "Red Rock," "Santa Claus's Partner," "A Captured Santa Claus," "Gordon Keith."

This extract from "A Soldier of the Empire" depicts the patriotism of the French soldier, and the closing paragraph emphasizes the fact that if we have won the "Cross of Honor," it will show upon our breast, even after death.

A SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE

"Go back. Upon it depends the fate of France. Hold it for France," the officer called after him.

The words were heard perfectly clear even above the din of battle which was steadily increasing all along the line, and they stirred the old soldier like a trumpet. No rear for him! He turned and pushed back up the hill at a run. The road had somewhat changed since he left, but he marked it not; shot and shell were plowing across his path more thickly, but he heeded them not; in his ears rang the words,—*"For France!"* They came like an echo from the past; it was the same cry he had heard at Waterloo, when the soldiers of France that summer day had died for France and the Emperor, with a cheer on their lips. *"For France!"* The words were consecrated; the Emperor himself had used them. He had heard him, and would have died then; should he not die now for her! Was it not glorious to die for France, and

have men say he had fought for her when a babe, and had died for her when an old man! . . .

Although this had occupied but a few minutes, momentous changes had taken place on the ridge above. The sound of the battle had somewhat changed, and with the roar of artillery were mingled now the continuous rattle of the musketry and the shouts and cheers of the contending troops. The fierce onslaught of the Prussians had broken the line somewhere beyond the batteries and the French were being borne back. Almost immediately the slope was filled with retreating men hurrying back in the demoralization of a panic. All order was lost. It was a rout. The soldiers of his own regiment began to rush by the spot where the old sergeant stood above his dead son's body. Recognizing him, some of his comrades seized his arm and attempted to hurry him along, but with a fierce exclamation the old soldier shook them off, and raising his voice so that he was heard even above the tumult of the rout, he shouted, "Are ye all cowards? Rally for France—for France—!"

They tried to bear him along; the officers they said were dead. The Prussians had captured the guns, and had broken the whole line; but it was no use, still he shouted that rallying cry, "For France, for France, vive la France, vive l'Empereur," and steadied by the war-cry, accustomed to obey an officer, the men around him fell instinctively into something like order, and for an instant the rout was arrested. The fight was renewed over Pierre's dead body. As they had, however, truly said, the Prussians were too strong for them. They had carried the line and were now pouring down the hill by thousands in the ardor of hot pursuit; the line on either side was

swept away, and while the gallant little band about the old soldier still stood and fought desperately, they were soon surrounded. There was no thought of quarter; none was asked, none was given. Cries, curses, cheers, shots, blows, were mingled together, and clear above all rang the old soldier's war-cry, "For France, for France, vive la France, vive l'Empereur!" It was the refrain from an older and bloodier field. He thought he was at Waterloo. Mad with excitement, the men took up the cry and fought like tigers, but the issue could not be doubtful.

Man after man fell, shot or clubbed down with the cry "For France!" on his lips, and his comrades, standing astride his body, fought with bayonets and clubbed muskets till they too fell in turn. Almost the last one was the old sergeant. Wounded to death, and bleeding from numberless gashes, he still fought, shouting his battle cry, "For France!" till his musket was hurled spinning from his shattered hand, and, staggering senseless back, a dozen bayonets were driven into his breast, crushing out forever the brave spirit of the soldier of the Empire.

It was best, for France was lost . . .

That night a group of Prussian officers going over the field with lanterns looking after their wounded, stopped near the spot where the old sergeant had made his last stand for France, a spot remarkable even on that bloody slope for the heaps of dead of both armies literally piled upon each other.

"It was just here," said one, "that they made that splendid rally."

A second, looking at the body of the old French sergeant lying amid heaps of slain with his face to the sky, as he saw his scars, said simply:

"There died a brave soldier."

Another, older than the first, bending closer to count the bayonet wounds, caught the gleam of something in the light of the lantern, and, stooping to examine a broken cross of the Legion on the dead man's breast, said reverently:

"He was a SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE."

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